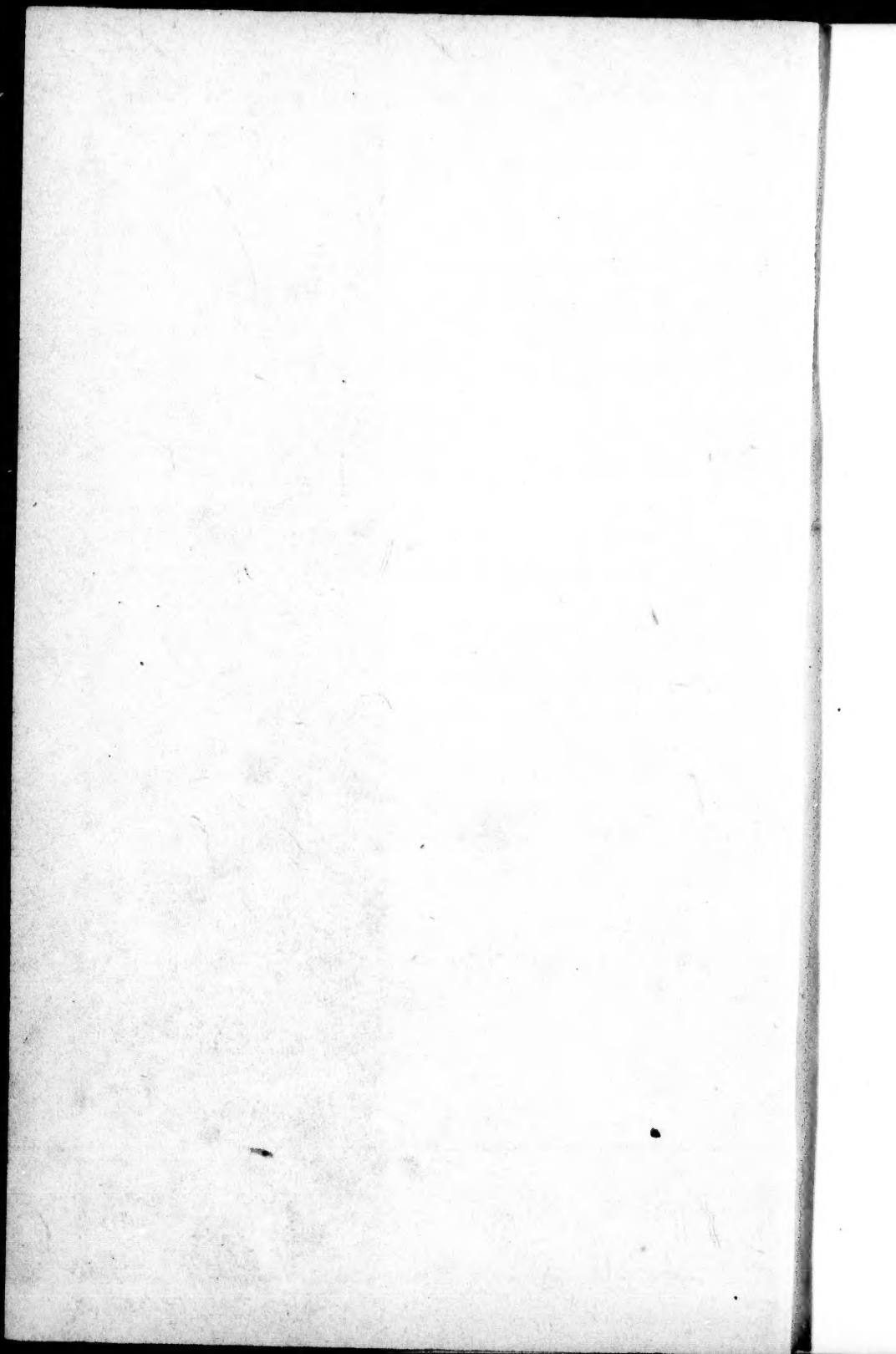




OSCAR:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

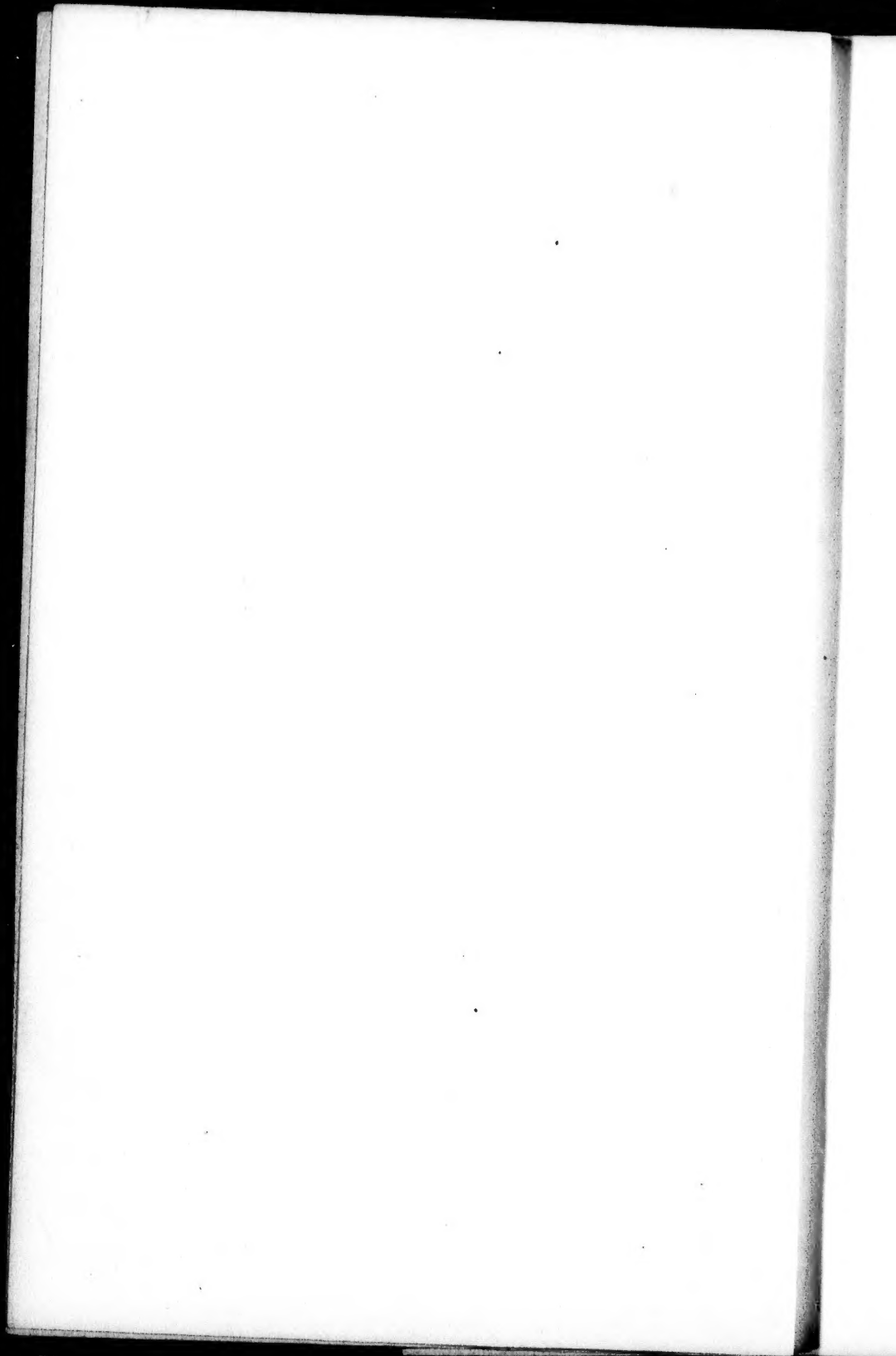
CARROLL RYAN.

Oh love! oh glory! what are ye? who fly
Around us ever, rarely to alight:
There's not a meteor in the polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.
BYRON.

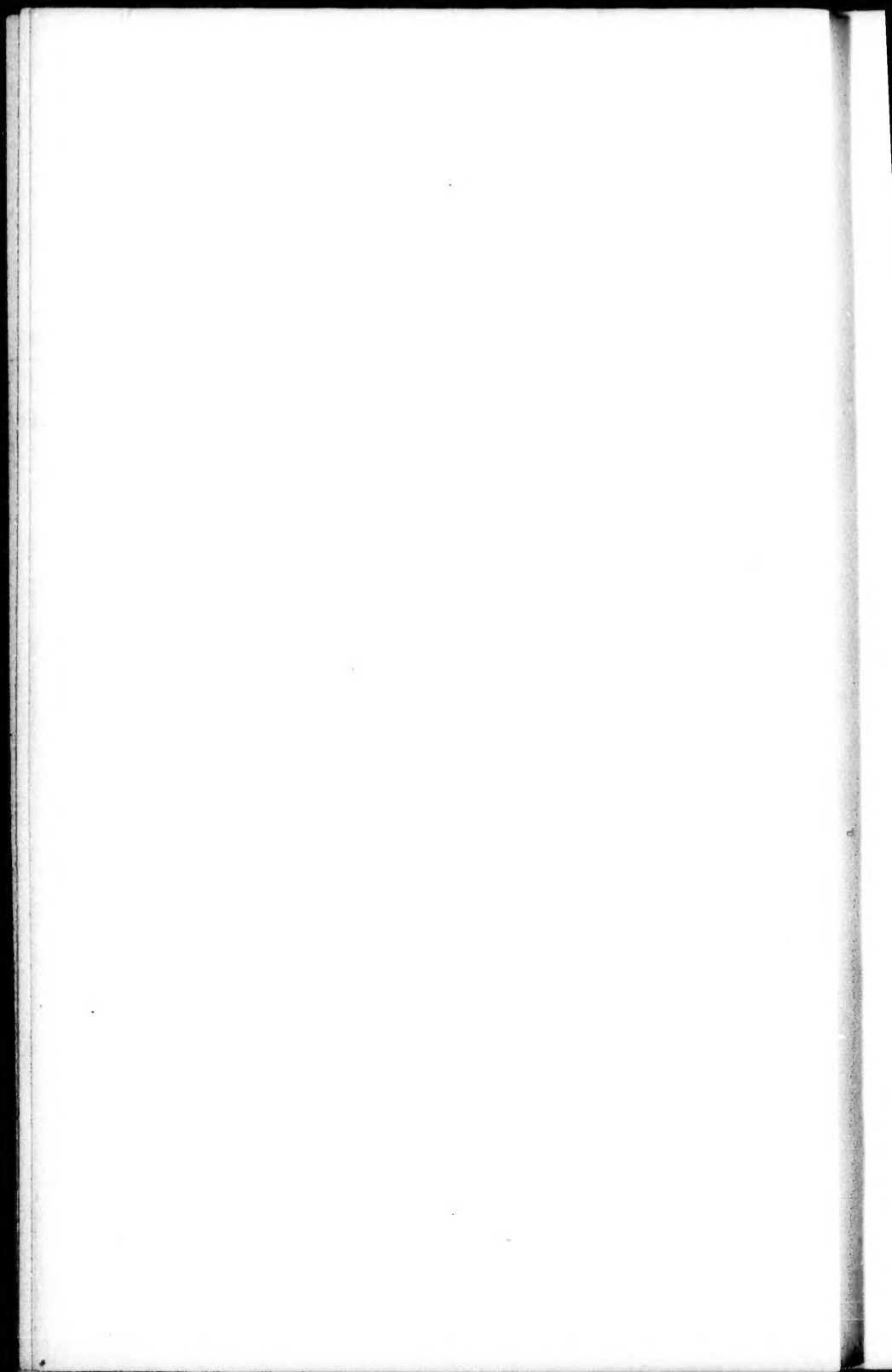
HAMILTON, C. W.:

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1857.



TO
THOSE BRAVE CANADIANS
WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR THE
CRIMEA
DURING THE RUSSIAN WAR,
THIS POEM
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E .

IN presenting the following Poems to the public, I would first say a few words, not to point out my own faults or errors, which is the fashion now; nor to apologise: the former I leave the reader to find out, and the latter to the circumstances under which the Poems were written,—the greater portion being composed at different times, and in positions the most unfavorable. However, I leave it to a discerning world to decide their merit.

My Hero I take from the shores of Lake Ontario, following him, through the various incidents of so long a voyage, to the ultimate finale.

Without asking for indulgence, or praying for forgiveness, I leave the work to be judged according to its merits. That it may please the public is the earnest hope of

THE AUTHOR.

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OSCAR:

A POEM OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

IN THREE CANTOS.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

THE TEMPEST.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.—The sun was slowly setting in the west,
The glowing skies in fiery robes were drest ;
The distant azure, fringed with scarlet bright,
Seemed like the fabled isles of "calm delight,"
Where souls of those who suffered here below
In heavenly joys forget the world and woe.
Deep in the forest he has sunk from view,
And o'er his couch now fainter grows each hue :
Now Night's dim car comes stealthily along,
And tunes the whip-poor-will his mournful song ;
The perfumed zephyrs gently float on high,
Earth's incense bearing to the cloudless sky,
The teeming air with hum of insects rife—
Each leaf and tendril big with joyous life.
Hark ! what melody to the heavens arise,
And, borne upon the breeze, the echo flies ;
It rises like a wail—now sinks away and dies !

II.—It died away along Ontario's breast,
And trembled on the waters 'ere it sank to rest.
Up o'er the mountain comes the Queen of Night,
And pours upon the earth a flood of light ;

Its rays reflected show a tiny sail,
Spread out, as if to lure the sleeping gale ;
Now out it flies before some wanton blast,
Soon dying off, it flaps against the mast.
Her deck was empty, save the form of one,
Who gazing upward on the helm hung,
And to the laggard breeze soft numbers sung.
His form was youthful, tho' his beardless face
Of fiercer passions bore a deeper trace ;
Nor strove he now those feelinge deep to check,
Of a brain now chaos, and a heart a wreck.

III.—Oscar, the child, the toy, and sport of fate,
Had found in life but few to love or hate.
His love was such, no time could change or blot,
And hate, once formed, with him was ne'er forgot.
Too soon thrown on the World's cold charity,
Ere scarce his barque had launched Life's troubled sea,
Ere scarcely formed, by chance, his youthful mind,
He hated Man, detested all his kind.
He saw around him naught but selfish guile,
Virtue win a curse, and crime a smile.
Thus was his mind cast in a truthless mould,
He saw but one God worshipped, that was Gold.
No wonder, then, that he should worship, too,
The only God—too oft—Man holds in view.
And when he strove his every effort fail'd,
He curs'd his fortune, and his fate bewail'd,
And wept the woe upon his head entail'd.

IV.—But soon his life was destined for a change,
To give him impulse and a nobler range ;
To give life hope and bid him yearn,
A brighter cause to win, a goal to earn.
And with re-doubled ardor now he strove :
What wrought this change was pure and holy love.
But here malignant fortune did not cease,
It gave him hope, but robbed him of his peace.
Tho' deep the flame that burnt within his soul,
On which he lived, nor sought he to control
Those high aspirings—those delicious dreams,
That o'er the future cast their golden beams :
Not his a love to idly dream away
The precious moments, ours, but to-day.
At length success upon his efforts smiled,

And shining gold his ample coffers piled,
Nor was love hopeless to misfortune's child.

V.—Alas! a heavy blow was destined soon
To sink his life, and end his dreams in gloom :
The charm of life was fled—to him no more
Could earth supply the loss with golden store.
The haven which he sought, and hoped to gain,
He found a painted ruin, lost to shame.
And that for which he lived, toiled, hoped and sighed—
Too rude the veil was rent, and torn aside ;
Too deep the wound—too goading was the sore,
For time to heal, or wild delights restore.
What change of scene can peace, once fled, impart ?
It may beguile, but cannot heal the heart,
Where rankles deep the wound of blighted love ,
Earth knows no balm save that which Death hath wove.
Who would supply Love's cherished hopes by pride—
A smile would but with deeper pain deride
The ashes of a heart where hope hath died !

VI.—The call of war was sounded from afar,
And wondering nations lent a listening ear ;
Adventurous youths their aged sires did leave,
And loving maids were left at home to grieve.
Young Oscar heard, and longed to join the strife
And, as a soldier, yield a hated life :
For two things only, now, he wished to roam,
To seek in battle death, perhaps renown ;
The first were doubly welcome to his arms,
Since life, to him, no more could yield its charms.
When to his home he bid a last farewell !
Oh ! who the anguish of his soul can tell !
He gazed with fondness on the shining shore,
That once he joyous trod—he'll tread no more.
As outward from the strand he slowly past,
One fond and lingering look behind he cast—
That farewell look was destined for the last !

VII.—Hail ! noble river, whose tremendous tide
Hath rolled a deluge o'er the mountain side,
A world of waters hurled with mighty shock
From the gloomy summit of the beetling rock.
Roll on, as thou hast rolled ere Whiteman trod
Thy shore, when the great majesty of God

Spoke in thy waters to the forest child,
Who hailed in thee the spirit of the wild ;
And knelt with awe upon thy sounding shore
To worship Him, he knew but to adore.
Where, ere he on the bloody war-path went,
A forest maiden as an offering sent
Unto the dread and wrathful God above—
The fairest tie that bound their savage love.
Amid the rapids rushed the fleet canoe,
And, 'neath the rainbow's bright, encircling hue,
It downward leaped, forever lost to view.

VIII.—Nor did Oscar view Niagara's Fall unmoved,
Tho' the unmanly tear sank back reproved ;
He calmly stood upon the awful brink,
Nor quailed his eye, nor single muscle shrank.
He feared not death—then why should he
Shrink from beholding its sublimity ?
Here is eternity, one step, and all
Is past and cover'd by the water's pall !
He, sighing, turned away, and murmured : “ No,
Not thus would Death requite a life of woe ;
Mine be a soldier's grave, without a stain ;
For right to fight and die, be that my aim.”
That night his sail was spread unto the wind,
And soon he left Niagara's wave behind ;
And ere he crossed Ontario's broad expanse,
Firm grew his step, unflinching was his glance,
He looked upon the past as on a hideous trance.

IX.—Now Fairy Land is gained—the Thousand Isles—
Amid whose cedar shades sweet Nature smiles
In all the beauty of a scene unchanged,
As when the Indian warrior ranged
From isle to isle, long centuries ago,
And chased, with swift canoe, the nimble doe.
Those shady rocks the softest sounds prolong,
As when they echoed to the Squaw's low song,
Who dipped her paddle in the dancing stream,
And watched the sun's last lingering beam,
As he, behind the forests of the west,
In dazzling glory slowly sank to rest.
Each isle an emerald, and each rock a gem,
Which forms proud Nature's own bright diadem !
Those wilds again the Indian ne'er will know,

Nor will those waters, in their joyous flow,
Bear savage forms unto the depths below.

X.—'Twas moonlight sweet when Oscar stood,
Or paced the deck, in sad and sullen mood ;
For on the past his heart ne'er ceased to brood,
With manhood, love, and pride within at feud :
For pride had failed to teach him to forget—
His heart repined and fed on deep regret ;
His haughty brow all kindly words repel'd,
The sympathy it raised as quick dispel'd.
He stood aloof from all—would rudely shun
Those who approached him—he smiled on none.
Sometimes the hot blood to his brow would rush,
His pallid features for a moment flush,
Then quickly flee, and leave his brow more cold,
More deadly pale and painful to behold.
Oh! could they read that heart, that deep despair,
The noble soul that writhed in anguish there,
They would have pitied and have ceased to fear.

XI.—Flow on thou mighty stream, flow on forever,
Majestic in thy fury, noble river!
What continent or country, land or clime,
My native land, hath rivers like to thine ?
Thy lakes as broad and mighty as the sea,
As the air above glorious, fresh, and free!
St. Lawrence stream hath borne a deeper dye,
Received the skipping shot, returned the rebel cry.
The monument of brave, tho' misled hearts,
A gloomy aspect to the scene imparts.
The blacken'd walls, a ruin standing still
To tell of deeds of blood, looms there the mill.
Beneath rank verdure covers o'er the ground,
And hides the graves of those who fell around.
Alas! that painful scenes like these should blot
My country's annals brief, tho' not forgot!
A tear may fall but it can hide them not!

XII.—A thousand whirlpools gathered into one,
That in wild fury surge, and dash, and run ;
Now madly leap, and on themselves recoil,
And in mingling chaos heave and boil,
And dash with furious madness, ceaseless roar,
'Gainst frowning rocks that bind the fruitful shore.

Hail ! wild, sublime—hail ! grand, majestic spot,
Thy dread sublimity ne'er will be forgot !
Here stands the majesty of Heaven revealed,
The awful beauty of that God unveiled !
Who can upon this fearful grandeur gaze,
And stand unmoved at his omniscient ways ?
Who formed those waters, and who bade them roll,
And holds the universe in his dread control ;
Who those tremendous wonders wrought,
By impulse of almighty boundless thought,
Can by a word into blank chaos blot !

XIII.—Hail ! Canada, my own, my native land !
Land of a thousand floods sublimely grand !
Upon this world no nation, land, or clime
Has nature lavished gifts more wild, sublime ;
Nor blest with brighter hopes her fertile vales,
Or wafted over hills more healthy gales.
Thy boundless wilds as yet untrod, unknown,
Industry soon will rear a joyous home ;
Those fertile tracts where axe was never heard,
Where securely sings the native forest bird ;
Where swiftly bounds the deer o'er leagues untold,
Wait but for man to yield their hidden gold.
Oh ! glorious, happy West fore'er adieu !
Where'er I wander I will turn to you,
And, in mem'ry, thy beauties call to view.

XIV.—See now Quebec with mighty grandeur rear
Its gloomy head—looms sternly in the air !
And from the awful height looks proudly down
Upon St. Lawrence with a watchful frown ;
Where 'neath its guarding shade securely ride
A thousand vessels on the heaving tide.
This Oscar saw, and stood to view the height
Where Fraser's clans had climbed that glorious night,
Up the craggy steep to Abraham's plains,
And hid the verdant sod with bloody stains.
The chivalrous Montcalm, tho' hasty, brave,
Fought well, his noble post and cause to save ;
To every deadly charge his men led on,
And nobly fought amid the clashing throng.
Proudly he died, tho' not in victory's arms,
Glorious he fell midst battle's wild alarms !
Nor did Death's terrors his manly bosom mock—
He died defeated nor survived the shock.

XV.—Peace to the warrior hero's shade—
 Bright be his wreath, its glories never fade !
 Wolfe the true, the noble, generous, brave,
 Thou hast all earth can give—a hero's grave.
 For this have kings and monarchs vainly sighed,
 The tyrant's tomb by deeper stains was dyed :
 A tear of joy, not grief, bedews his pall,
 A pray'r from earth thanks heaven for his fall.
 A lowly poet a chaplet fain would twine
 Unto a name as bright and pure as thine.
 O ! man, when will you cease to find
 Delight in blood, and cursing all thy kind ?
 When will you learn that Christian truth sublime,
 By Heaven founded from a source divine ?
 While man is man war ne'er can cease,
 Nor earth enjoy a true or lasting peace :
 His arbitrary soul hath great delight
 To use his power and show his might.

XVI.—Proud Britain's standard, waving from the height,
 O'erlooks the glorious scene with conscious might ;
 Flag borne triumphant over sea and land,
 And kiss'd the breeze on every foreign strand ;
 Serenely spread out to the sweeping gale,
 Beholds the proud St. Lawrence' mighty vale.
 Its wide spread folds, high above unfurl'd
 Bids stern defiance to the envious world :
 A true patriot justly would exclaim,
 Let Liberty and Truth wash out the stain
 That yet upon its mighty folds remain.
 Long may true freedom 'neath its shade repose,
 Twined round her brow, the shamrock, thistle, rose.
 As once it was, may it ne'er again be grasp'd
 To mark blood and ruin where'er it pass'd
 From off Point Diamond's peak a booming gun,
 With loud report, salutes the setting sun ;
 Thro' the ambient air mellow, clear, and sweet,
 The bugle's note, re-echoed, sounds retreat.

XVII.—Now twilight slowly dims the landscape o'er,
 And lights appear along the noisy shore ;
 While o'er the dark'ning waters boatmen glide,
 And screeching steamers dash athwart the tide,
 Soon lost amid the darkness now profound ;
 While on the shore still fainter grows each sound.

Still flaps the idle sail against the mast,
'Neath, Oscar treads the deck with brow o'ercast,
That from his swelling heart the shadow caught
Of that dark cloud which fed each maddening thought,
Which made him keep aloof from all his kind,
And brooding feed on thorny depths of mind.
Where'er he pass'd he cast a gloomy spell,
By those he shunned now he was shunned as well ;
And he who gazed upon him with a sneer,
At majesty of grief turned to a tear.
He seldom spoke ; his ghastly smile, more rare,
Was like the glancing light of wild despair.

XVIII.—Now from the dark'ning womb of scattering
Sweet Cynthia dispels the midnight shrouds, [clouds,
And smiles serenely on the gladdened earth,
That seems to greet her in her tardy birth.
How oft I wished to keep her holy ray,
When happy night was melting into day.
E'en now she can my troubled heart restore,
Tho' not with thoughts the same as oft before.
Yet still my heart will linger on those scenes,
And bless the mem'ry as of happy dreams,
That gave my spring of life one sunny day,
And hid the rest in clouds of black dismay.
But that is past, my joy, my hope, my pride ;
And friends may scoff, the heartless world deride.
But time may bring my weary heart relief,
Altho' it ne'er can heal my bosom's grief ;
Perchance 't will sooth, its poignancy allay,
And guide the torrent that it cannot stay ;
Hang out a beacon at life's end to save,
And let one ray of hope shine on the grave !

XIX.—The moon with mellow lustre shed the while
Its radiance o'er the dark and rocky pile,
Showed where the humble mark stands up to tell
Where brave Montgomery ascending fell.
Led to the storm his not o'er strong array,
And fell the first on that eventful day.
Wolfe's monument its head to heaven may show,
Tho' not less brave was he who fell below.
The simple board will tell the well-known tale :
He died where mortal man could never scale—
But hark ! a breeze fills up the snowy sail,

That outward flies before the wished-for gale,
She cleaves the spray before her shining crest,
And bounds exulting o'er the water's breast :
While some may sigh for those they love to leave,
And all on board, save one, at parting grieve,
He casts his eye along the sloping shore
That fate decreed he ne'er should visit more ;
He scanned each mountain with a weary eye,
Nor dropped a tear ; the founts of love were dry !

XX.—See Montmorency's struggling waters leap
With deaf'ning roar from off the mountain steep ;
The moon's bright beams upon the waters play,
And glisten in the high ascending spray :
The cedars dark upon the margin stand,
And make the scene look wilder and more grand.
On, on we fly past Orleans' fruitful isle,
Still Oscar treads the lonesome deck the while.
Till dawning day the distant heavens kiss'd
And with its warming ray dispels the mist ;
Bright Phœbus gilds the clouds with ruddy hue,
Brings out the gloomy forest into view ;
The dismal howl of wolves no longer heard,
Succeeded by the warbling morning bird.
The waning moon shines indistinct and sad,
All nature seems exulting, bright, and glad ;
The snowy porpoise gambols in the way,
Or leaps from out the waves in sportive play ;
While clouds of birds up from the river rise,
Then fly to shore or lost amid the skies.

XXI.—Grosse Isle is past—ten thousand exiles' graves !
Still swift we fly o'er proud St. Lawrence' waves ;
And as the mist dissolves far in the west,
Behold a thousand sails skim o'er its breast.
The stately frigate, with majestic stride,
Moves bravely on, with pennon streaming wide,
While almost 'neath her wall-like, gloomy side,
A snowy brig flies on with sea-gull's pride ;
And as her sails retain the favoring blast,
It bends her tapering and elastic mast :
She skims along with far outstripping speed,
And of the flying fleet now takes the lead.
Off towards the southern coast a barque appears ;
As, with belabored way, her course she steers,

Her ponderous hull moves slowly with the wind,
And soon she's left by ev'ry sail behind.
The heavy laden ship the waters plough,
And cast the spray from her majestic prow.
While cheerful songs on every side resound,
With heaving chains and creaking spars around.

XXII.—Athwart her bow a mighty ship now bends
Her weary way against the stubborn winds,
Dips to the heaving waves her sunken lee,
Moves sidelong thro' the unpropitious sea.
Many the joyful forms that crowd the deck,
And willing hands to aid in every tack.
In one wild shout, now all their voices blend,
Their hearts rejoice, their journey 's near an end ;
What heart would not rejoice, a long voyage o'er,
When they approach the long-expected shore ?
They left a home, to them a home no more.
No wonder that their hearts with hope expand,
When they draw nigh the happy promised land ;
No wonder that their hearts bound light and free
When they behold the home of Liberty !
Fair Canada ! where slavery 's unknown
The exile well may rest, and build his home ;
Where all men are alike, whate'er their race—
Where truth and justice hold the despot's place,
Where truth and honesty are no disgrace !

XXIII.—Have they who passed the dread ordeal,
From dreams of life to the colder real,
Beheld the visions hopeful youth had made
In darkness lower, or in sorrow fade ?
Have they not yearned thro' life's unyielding truth,
And heaved a sigh o'er dreams of happy youth ?
Those hopes, those fears, the mind but half discern'd ;
The ardour which for life's bright scenes we burned—
The glowing pictures that our fancy drew,
Fade into bleakness at a nearer view.
Alas ! for me. I had no youth like this,
No sweet remembrance of such childish bliss ;
Nor have I boyhood's thoughtless years to scan,
For scarce a school-boy I became a man.
As Oscar loved, these pages here can tell,
Alas ! for happiness, he loved too well.
How oft the soldier's frugal meal we've shar'd !

My friend, my comrade, would that thou wer't spar'd !
 Ah ! what a sad and hapless lot was thine,
 And let thy deeds upon these pages shine !

XXIV.—On, on we fly, while still more distant seem
 The coursing sails on broad St. Lawrence stream ;
 Now far apart they take their distant way,
 Wide shoals of shining dolphins round us play.
 Still we continue in our rapid flight,
 Till waning day proclaims approaching night :
 Still 'fore the fresh'ning breeze we onward fly,
 And sunk to rest is many a weary eye ;
 Night's dewy mantle o'er the water 's spread,
 The guarding watch alone the deck now tread.
 Still blacker, darker, grows the night apace,
 Earth, air, and water lose the faintest trace.
 All 's darkness now, above, around, below,
 And all is silent save the river's flow ;
 That murmuring sound, so mellow soft and clear,
 Which oft upon the ocean's breast we hear.
 And as we watch its slow upheaving throes,
 Like some huge monster in disturbed repose.

XXV.—What lurid glare lights up the rayless sky ?
 And growing still more bright shines from on high ;
 Across the heavens flies with wake of flame,
 A wandering globe without a course or name—
 No guiding path its fiery way to steer,
 A curse and menace to each heavenly sphere ;
 Flies on with ceaseless force, is lost in space,
 A string of flame is left its way to trace.
 In the vast universe a hideous speck,
 By God condemned, a glorious orb, a wreck.
 By him from out its natural sphere now hurl'd
 A shapeless mass, a wild chaotic world.
 Thro' trackless void to wander on 'tis doomed,
 Till every atom by itself 's consumed.
 'T will come and go, and leave no mark behind,
 A fear and wonder to man's feeble mind.
 To this same course the heavenly orbs all tend.
 To such a fate is this fair earth condemn'd.

XXVI.—The distant wave, in troubled heaving, moans,
 And creaking timbers give prophetic groans ;
 The eager look-out strains a sleepless eye,

Vainly amid the gloom aught to descry.
The captain's voice is heard aloud to call,
"All hands on deck—a squall—a squall!"
The hardy sailors, clad in oil-skins, fly—
Swift up the ratlines to the sheets on high.
While high above the flapping sails is heard
The captain's shout—the loud directing word.
The bagging royals, quick as thought, are furl'd,
And crowding "stun-sails" swift are downward hurl'd,
Altho' no eye can pierce the gloom profound,
The "yo-he-yo!" on every side resound.
It strikes her now—she drives before the blast,
And plunging leeward, drags a shattered mast;
A few stout blows—the stubborn stays are cleft,
The faithless spar is on the billows left:
While at their post the sturdy seamen stand,
Awaiting calmly for the next command.

XXVII.—With heart o'erflowing with supreme delight
Did Oscar tread the spray-washed deck that night,
And as the heavy rain beat on his cheek,
He heard the elements, with stern pleasure, speak.
That storm and darkness to his soul allied,
Now made his bosom swell with innate pride;
He saw, and felt, and strove with flashing eye
To draw the terrors of the scene more nigh.
How wild his feelings, and how fierce his joy!
He hailed the Tempest flying to destroy!
And o'er the founts of love, and hope, congealed,
His heart to terror and to fear was steeled.
The soul-nerving desperation of despair
Had made excitement to his bosom dear.
He gazed upon the blackened air with scorn,
And seemed the demon of the very storm.
No soft emotion in his bosom flowed,
As o'er the surging waves he proudly rode:
Nor would his heart at any danger quail,
Nor would his cheek, if death appeared, turn pale.

XXVIII.—Hark! a cannon's flash bursts thro' the gloom,
The mountain shore repeats the sullen boom;
An instant turns the waters bloody red,
And shows the breakers foaming right ahead:
"Let go the anchor!" hear the pilot cry—
"Let go the anchor!" mocking rocks reply.

With gurgling roar it to the bottom springs,
And, with the raging tide, the vessel swings.
Naught can be heard except the ceaseless roar
Of waves that dash with fury 'gainst the shore.
As each successive flash shoots forth its gleam,
It shows the billows surge in glistening steam ;
The quick report relieves the weary ear,
So long accustomed changeless sounds to hear ;
All hearts are filled with wavering hope and fear.
Now Bec's revolving light, with dazzling hue,
Brings all the horrors of the scene to view ;
Upon the waters it serenely plays,
And cuts the darkness with diverging rays.

XXIX.—Now Oscar gazes on each trembling form,
Then turns away with smile of bitter scorn ;
One instant scans the bright revolving stars,
Then turns his eye up to the bending spars,
Where sturdy forms upon the foot-ropes stand,
And reef the bagging sails with nervous hand :
Then looks along the black and threat'ning shore,
Where crested waves incessant fury pour :
As if to gather strength they sink to rest,
Then rise again with higher, prouder crest ;
With yell of thousand thunders meets the rock—
The vessel trembles at the awful shock :
The spray with hissing shower downward falls,
And frantic fools for aid on heaven calls ;
While Oscar's bosom in a feverish glow,
Enjoys each wail, and drinks each burst of woe.
He casts his eye along the breakers foul,
Or views the deck with dark forbidding scowl ;
Beholds the waves that madly round him prowl,
Or revels in the winds that o'er him howl !

XXX.—Still the tall phantom gives a minute's light,
And leaves the next in darkness worse than night ;
Still looks awhile with cold, mechanic stare,
And gives them hope to make more wild despair.
Now one huge wave lifts up the trembling ship,
That quaked and shivered in its furious grip ;
Then with a mighty shock it onward tore,
And soon is lost in foam along the shore.
The whistling winds now slowly die away,

The westward driving gloom shuns Phœbus' ray.
Now shooting rays along the waters creep,
The air grows bright upon the moaning deep ;
The turning tide now leaves the breakers bare,
And ragged rocks their broken summit rear.
The water white sinks with the outward tide,
And shows the reefs extend on either side ;
Shows many shattered wrecks along the shore,
From which retreating waters swiftly pour :
And high upon a beetling crag is cast
The broken remnant of the shattered mast.

XXXI.—The sinking waves with lessened fury flow,
And dying winds now faint and fainter blow ;
While indistinct the threat'ning shore extends,
Till in the distance with the mist it blends.
To break the sameness of the dreary scene,
A stunted herbage clothes the brow with green :
Upon the cliff a cedar lone appears,
That o'er the brink its twisted branches rears ;
And from the awful plunge it seems to shrink,
And inwards bends its trunk from off the brink.
Now bright Aurora from the waters rise,
And flings her rays upon the vaulted skies ;
The forest hills, far in the distance, rear
Their darkened outline in the morning air.

XXXII.—Hail ! heavenly Muse, whose benignant sway
Can ease my pain or soothe my grief away ;
Can raise my heart to view His works divine,
And see in thee a cause the most sublime.
I feel thy magic o'er my bosom roll,
Absorb my senses, and expand my soul ;
The glowing senses that o'er my vision rise,
And waft my spirit to ethereal skies.
Those wrapt delights that waking dreams embrace,
The glowing pen could never dare to trace :
Thoughts that instill the heart with proud delight,
The pen belies expressions it would write.
When the Muse's fav'rite, with Mæonian lyre,
Pour'd forth his songs in strains of living fire,
The wondering earth with awe-struck feeling gaze,
Borne with the tide of his soul stirring lays.
Tho' ages long have passed since he hath sung,

And worlds delighted on his numbers hung ;
 And thro' all time will shine his genius rays,
 Too grand for censure, and too high for praise.

XXXIII.—Oh ! ye who left Ontario's shining strand,
 Where smiling peace bedecks the fruitful land ;
 Who left her bright ambrosial plains,
 To seek the shore where frowning tumult reigns—
 Crimean steppes, where every sterile sod
 By hostile legions were in battle trod ;
 Ye who have felt the soldier's bitter fate,
 And shared the dangers that I here relate,
 The wayward path in thought with me will tread,
 And view past dangers with a smiling dread ;
 Or in a distant land behold my lay,
 Who know the scenes that I would fain portray.
 A retrospective pleasure it may yield
 To ye who trod the deck or battle field.
 Upon these pages by-gone scenes appear,
 Which raised a veteran's sympathetic tear.
 But Lethe's wave will hide each painful blot,
 And dismal scenes of toil will be forgot.
 A future race upon its shores will tell.
 Here dauntless heroes 'gainst injustice fell !

XXXIV.—Still on we fly past Gaspé's mountain shore,
 Where monster waves' incessant thunders roar ;
 Or scathing boil around its foaming base,
 O'er rocks that lie in ambush 'neath its face,
 And hide their sunken heads far down below,
 O'er which retreating waves loud hissing flow.
 The hapless bark, propelled by adverse wind,
 Thrown on this coast—no trace is left behind ;
 Engulphed in seas where tempests never cease,
 Where surging billows change but to increase.
 Last spot upon the horizon, I view.
 My native land, a long, and last adieu !
 How bright the setting sun ! the west, how grand !
 Off Gaspé's point, his lengthened rays expand ;
 It seems to spread a halo round the shore,
 And o'er the land, that land which I adore !
 There Anticosti lies, far on the lee,
 While on to broad St. Lawrence gulf we flee.
 My eye no longer on its home can dwell,
 My home, my haven, Canada, farewell !

XXXV.—Upon the deck as Oscar silent stood,
 He viewed the fading shore in sullen mood ;
 The parting scene his dormant feelings woke ;
 With brimming eye, turned westward, thus he spoke :—
 “ Farewell, ye scenes of childhood’s happy day,
 From thee fore’er this heart is doomed to stray.
 Farewell, O ! happy land, from thee I roam,
 A lonely exile, without hope or home—
 On foreign shores, a foreign foe to brave,
 And seek from earth one only boon—a grave.
 No more can beauty yield delight, or charm,
 Nor danger fall, nor battle-field alarm.
 I go from THEE—but words could ne’er express ;
 I could not love thee more, nor would I less.
 My greatest sin was loving thee too well,
 I love thee still—though parted—fare thee well.”
 He ceased ; and as he slowly turned away,
 His gloomy thoughts resumed their latent sway.

XXXVI.—Bird Island, rising from the briny deep,
 Where sounding waves their constant vigils keep :
 Great clouds of sea-birds on its summit rise,
 And soar far up into the vaulted skies.
 Next morn St. Paul’s lone beacon isle is past,
 Of shores American we’ve seen the last.
 Now o’er the pathless deep we onward fly,
 Its broad expanse shows naught but sea and sky.

* * * * *
 Farewell ! my happy Muse, since for a while
 A weary heart, from pain, thou did’st beguile ;
 A trembling hand doth trace the parting line,
 And if we part, we part but for a time—
 Thou who hast cheered the exiled Poet’s days,
 And fraught with beauty his refulgent lays—
 And when sweet mem’ry will awake again,
 Oh ! guide the efforts of my lowly pen.
 Direct my fancy in its soaring flight,
 Recall past scenes in all their magic light ;
 To thee again my heart will proudly turn,
 And pour its strains o’er Oscar’s lowly urn.

XXXVII.—Hail ! boundless deep ; how welcome to my
 Who like that spirit spurns all base control. [soul,
 I feel thy spray bedew my sunken cheek,
 Behold thy vastness, hear thy thunders speak.

Hail ! to the element that knows no bound,
 That unrestrained floods all the world around.
 In all thy majesty remaining still
 As at the first, unshackled by man's will.
 A speck upon thy breast we trembling ride,
 Where worlds of waters stretch on either side.
 Here let my soul unbounded transport taste,
 And see those beauties called by fools a waste :
 And woo Boreas from his cavern'd home,
 Till madden'd waves before his fury roam :
 And view high heaven in the lightning flash,
 And hear its mandates in the thunders crash.
 Ye timid hearts, who never left the shore,
 Nor on the ocean heard the tempest roar ;
 Who on the stormy deck have never trod,
 Have ne'er beheld the grandest work of God.

XXXVIII.—For thirty days bright Phœbus' car hath
 For thirty days the stormy tide hath flow'd ; [roll'd.
 The eastern skies by streaming eyes are scan'd,
 The look-out hails the long-expected land.
 The joyful tidings on the deck are heard,
 And thankful hearts repeat the happy word.
 'Tis Erin's Isle that rears its cliffs ahead,
 Like distant clouds upon the water's bed—
 The fairest gem that decks the ocean's breast,
 By nature crown'd, by bitter fate oppress'd.
 No more thy minstrel's warlike songs will swell,
 The deeds of Brian or O'Neil to tell.
 Thy joyful songs have turned to mournful wails ;
 The tyrant's foot has trod thy faithful vales ;
 Dark Rapine and Revenge have left their curse,
 And ghastly Famine made thy sorrows worse.
 That hellish discord in thy valleys bred,
 Beheld the living curse dishonored dead :
 Upon a land where happy Nature smiles,
 Turned an abode where tyrants hatch their wiles.

XXXIX.—Ah ! hapless land, thy last sweet bard is gone,
 The child, the champion, and the soul of song ;
 The hand that brought thy tuneful harp to light,
 And showed thy sleeping spirit gathers might :
 His magic numbers will forever roll,
 To chain the senses, and arouse the soul.
 Strains that were sung on ev'ry sea and shore,

Old Erin's strains—the deathless lays of Moore.
Oh! hapless Isle! all else from thee's bereft
Save gloomy history, and thy songs are left.
One sings thy glory, and one tells thy shame,
And spreads a cloud of sorrow round thy name.
Tho' hard thy fate, and woeful be thy lot,
Boast of thy sons whose names are ne'er forgot—
The Patriot, Bard, and Hero throng,
Who rolled the tide of battle, and of song;
By heaven decreed to waste their strength in vain,
To rouse their country from the galling chain.
Oh! hapless land! sunk by oppression low—
The home of discord, and the Isle of woe!
Farewell, sweet Erin! by a cause divine,
The mighty griefs and sorrows that were thine
Have tried thee well, and proved thee as the rock
That on thy shore repels the ocean shock.
Some future day will rise thee from the tomb,
To prove thy name unworthy such a doom;
Will spring with vigor into happy life,
When jarring nations will dissolve in strife.

XL.—Awake O! memory, the past restore,
Recall those feelings which, on Albion's shore,
Swept thro' a wandering stranger's breast,
And in his soul sighed, "on this earth no rest,"
He saw the future, like a desert lie—
A cheerless waste spread out before his eye.
By wretched fate thrown on a foreign strand,
Without a friend, far from his native land,
He saw the tide of life around him flow,—
Beheld no kindred heart to share his woe.
His gloomy fate in all its strength appeared,
A hideous picture to his fancy reared;
No earthly hope his wayward path to cheer,
But all was hopeless, rayless, blank and drear.
The battle-field alone contained a charm,
A stricken heart against its load to arm:—
Mid all the pomp of war's unholy art,
Proud grew his spirit, stern and cold his heart.

XLI.—Here Britain's strength, her glory, and her fame,
Around him lay the splendor of her name:
Huge ships of war from out the harbor glide,
Mid booming guns and streamers floating wide.

The bugle's note, the loud triumphant cheer,
 Swell'd in the distance, or was echoed near.
 As Oscar dreaming stood, he heard the sound
 Of martial music fill the air around ;
 The clank of sabres, and the roll of guns,
 The thundering tramp of England's warlike sons.
 Their might and strength upon the coast display
 In all the gorgeousness of war's array.
 Hibernia's pride, Britannia's boast,
 And Caledonia's glory swell the host ;
 With fearless hearts they now assume their post,
 To meet a foe upon a foreign coast ;
 With swelling heart the drummer boy stands by,
 With warlike ardour in his youthful eye :
 Friends, Lovers, husbands, from beloved ones part,
 A soldier's tear does honor to his heart !

XLII.—The sun-burnt cheek may own a parting tear,
 That ne'er blanched at danger nor experienced fear,
 How few of those, now high with hope and life,
 Will e'er return to tell the deadly strife !
 They go to meet a soldier's bloody grave,
 The ne'er forgotten loved and lost—the brave.
 When 'mid the fray the soldier yields his breath,
 The thought of loved ones lends a pang to death,
 Unknown, unheeded, on the plain he 'll die.
 No monument will proudly look on high,
 To say, " Here honor, truth and courage lie."
 And when the smoke of war has passed away,—
 When Time 's no more, then will his fame decay.
 History's page, in after times, will tell
 The cause for which he lived, fought, bled, and fell ;
 And from his ashes to the world proclaim
 The soldier's wreath of never-fading fame !
 The mighty transports take their gallant freight,
 And every heart, with warlike pride elate,
 Leaves Albion's Isle to meet a soldier's fate.

XLIII.—Now safely moored hard by the guarded shore,
 The VICTORY lies, her storms and battles o'er ;
 Years have not dimmed her beauty nor her pride
 Since when she poured the lightning from her side,
 As when Trafalgar trembled 'neath her power,
 And haughty ships sunk 'neath her iron shower.
 She now reposes on the tide serene—

The VICTORY, famed for Victory—Ocean's Queen!—
As when her deck by Nelson's blood was dyed,
She dealt destruction round on every side;
When o'er the waves her mighty form arose,
She dealt a double vengeance on her foes.
Nelson and Victory, together, shine,
Enrolled by Fame, how bright a wreath is thine!
Well may proud Albion boast of sons like thee,
Who bore her name with terror o'er the sea,
Until the name itself was Victory!

CANTO THE SECOND.

When man from his great Maker was estrang'd,
His happy being was to darkness chang'd;
Base selfishness assumed his spirit's sway,
And brought attendant vices into play:
Envy and hatred filled his gloomy mind,
Revenge and bloodshed left their curse behind.
Since first a brother's blood was shed by Cain,
From sire to son the dreadful ban has lain;
Ambition filled his soul with fierce desire,
Thro' blood and ruin did his heart aspire
To grasp at Power, or to glut his ire,
As war and carnage raised his bosom's fire.
Rome drew her glory from her warlike fame,
As Greece and Carthage rose on arts the same.
Their strength is blasted, and their glory gone,
Or but exist in the poet's deathless song.
France boasts the prowess of her dauntless sons,
As Britain props her glory on her guns:
Mankind will hail the gory hero's name,
And crown his triumphs with a wreath of fame!

II.—Not long in Albion's Isle did Oscar stay,
But with her fleet he soon was borne away
To distant shores, where war and tumult reigned;
Nor hope, nor fear, his anxious bosom pain'd.
He thought not of the peaceful scenes he left,
Nor deign'd a thought on joys from him bereft:

On fancy's wings, in dreams, oft borne away,
 He thought he mingled in the battle fray.
 He thought he saw wild tumult round him pour—
 Awoke, and heard the stormy ocean roar.
 The crash of thunders deafening roll'd on high,
 And livid lightning rent the gloomy sky ;
 The phosphorescent lamps, with feeble gleam,
 Lit up the billows with their antic gleam.
 'T was thus, on stormy billows onward cast,
 That Spanish shores by Oscar's barque was pass'd.
 Another morn arose, the storm was o'er,
 And Gibraltar sees the vessel safely moor
 Beneath the shade that guards those inland seas,
 And holds these earth-bound ocean's keys.

III.—There Algicira's faded city lies,
 Above it, see the mighty fortress rise :
 Here heartless Roderick took the Moorish maid—
 A crime for which his kingdom dearly paid ;
 The injured Afric, with revengeful blade,
 These fruitful plains in dreary ruin laid :
 And long his children curst the fatal day
 He stole the maiden from her home away.
 Here twenty thousand veterans were array'd,
 To silence guns from which they fled dismay'd.
 Now solitude and beauty gild the scene
 Where Spanish blood once flow'd a gory stream—
 Here France and Spain upon the sunny tide,
 By Saumarez were humbled in their pride—
 Around, amid the gloomy ruins spread,
 Arise the monuments of th' mighty dead :
 The glorious works that happy peace had made
 Invading swords in desolation laid.
 A veil of beauty overhangs the scene,
 And mourns the past, fast fading like a dream.

IV.—What scenes of strife these beetling crags have
 When ev'ry steep by flying shot was torn— [borne !
 When ev'ry rock was bathed by human gore,
 That rushed in living streams adown the shore.
 It stands reflected in the passing tide,
 In gloomy grandeur, and in threat'ning pride :
 It stands as grandly, and as wildly fair,

And seems to breathe of deeds enacted there.
'T was here a princess to a rock was bound,
While furious billows lash its base around.
"And if injustice in a God can be,
Such was the Libyan God's unjust decree."
Until a lover who beheld her charms,
That his heroic soul with ardor arms—
He fought the monster on the foaming tide,
And won the beauteous maiden for his bride.
'T was here a vicious Queen the field survey'd,
Where hostile squadrons in their gore were laid—
Here gallant Elliot Britain's standard rose,
And there maintain'd in triumph o'er its foes.

V.—The moon now sheds her mellow lustre o'er
The mighty sea, and lights the Afric shore;
The breezes blow a balmly south'rn wind,
And Spanish shores have long been left behind;
The smiling waves by Heaven's lamps are lit,
Whose beams reflected o'er its bosom flit;
The mournful voice of waters only breaks
A stillness like our own Canadian lakes,
When summer zephyrs skim Ontario's breast,
And happy Nature seems in peace to rest.
Upon Levantine seas, with press of sail,
Spread high above to woo the passing gale,
Huge, dusky monsters o'er the waters fly,
Safe 'neath their sides reposing thunders lie—
War's direful engines in their entrails stored,
To deal destruction on the Russian horde;
To make the Muscovite with terror feel,
That British arms yet wield the British steel.
And by those forms that 's doomed on steppes to rot.
Their Father's fate by Frenchmen 's not forgot.

VI.—Still on we fly past Dido's sacred fane,
Of which these shores now scarce a trace retain;
Of Rome's proud rival scarce a vestige lies,
Where Carthage rose its turrets to the skies:
Where every triumph of her art was reared,
Most every stone and trench have disappeared.
The rude barbarian now will strike his camp,
On plains that once re-echoed to the tramp

Of mighty hosts, who once so proudly bore
 Her name with terror to each foreign shore.
 The heartless rival who destroy'd her walls,
 In silence weeps o'er her own ruined halls ;
 To Carthage then did Rome no mercy show,
 She fell herself before a barb'rous foe :
 Just retribution for her many crimes,
 She stands a monument for modern times.
 As Scipio said, so Time has proved it true,
 Go search for Carthage, then her rival view.
 But every nation has on earth its day,
 Outgrows itself, and then must pass away.

VII.—Methinks I view the scene before me now,
 When our good vessel, with majestic prow,
 Flew o'er the waves, 'neath Cynthia's pale ray,
 And dropped her anchor in Valetta Bay ;
 Where fort on fort, and gun o'er gun arise,
 That seem to sweep the water from the skies.
 Beneath, the billows now serenely sleep,
 That, mirror-like, reflects each 'wring keep ;
 And high above the gloomy wall appears
 The casement light in bright co-mingled tiers.
 A loud salute re-echoes from the shore,
 That scarce has died, ere we repeat it o'er :
 The signal lights high on the turrets glow,
 By sleeping waves reflected far below—
 The bugle's note, with sweet melodious tones
 And sportive echo, round the Marsa roams.
 'Twas thus that Oscar view'd fair Malta's shore,
 Famed for heroic deeds in days of yore.
 He gazed upon the scene and heaved a sigh—
 "Were such my home, how could I wish to die !"

VIII.—The Knights of Rhodes, driv'n from their island
 home,
 Upon Levantine shores were left to roam ;—
 Unto this order holy, good, and brave,
 The barren isle of Malta Charles gave.
 They with their galleys swept the flowing main,
 And were the Turk's and Corsair's greatest bane—
 The bulwark of the Christian faith and name ;
 And well their holy cause did they maintain.

IX.—Around its shores now forts and cities sprung,
And cannons roared where sea-birds lately sung ;
Full oft their savage foes would flood their shore,
And half-formed walls cement with human gore.
Soliman, by rage and vengeance driven,
Strove to force them from their new-found haven ;
And thirty thousand Turkish troops were sent,
To crush the Christian Knights their fierce intent.
How fierce the siege is seen on history's page,
And how the Turks, defeated, fed their rage:
How Gozo's Isle before the Moslems bled,
And thousands were from thence to bondage led :
And how Valette so bravely kept his stand,
The aged leader of the Christian band.
They heaped beneath these walls the Turkish slain,
And sent their fellows weeping 'thwart th' main ;
And ne'er before such bravery was shown,
Since Turks, for conquest, first began to roam ;
And ne'er did Christian Knight so freely bleed,
Beneath the emblem of his holy creed.

X.—But now this great and glorious Order's gone,
Upon these walls their forms no longer throng ;
Sarscenic strength and Moslem power to mock,
Or hurl invaders from the fortress rock :
The cause no longer lives that gave them birth,
But well they fill'd their mission here on earth.
A worthy theme 'twere for the Poet's pen,
To sing the deeds of those heroic men ;
They were the first that sunk the Moslem power,
Whose strength has fallen since that very hour ;
Its might and glory long have pass'd away ;
The little left is sinking to decay :
Those nations that once sought her overthrow,
To fight her battles are the first to go.
Beneath those walls which formed a Moslem grave,
See Christian troops arrayed those Turks to save.

Adown the streets the crowded columns pour,
And form in line along the sounding shore—
Now cheer on cheer, rise upwards to the skies,
And many are the wet and tearful eyes.

XI.—Aurora's beams shed o'er Levantine shores
Her dawning rays, and gilt the dipping oars ;

And soon arose bright Phœbus' dazzling car,
And sent his rays from eastern skies afar.
The sound of drums, the bugle's thrilling notes,
Upon the morning air serenely floats ;
As every hill repeats the reveille,—
The snowy sail is kissed by breezes free.
Britannia's sons now leave for battle's strife ;
The Marsa Museit is one scene of life.
The parting cheer, the cannon's louder roar,
By turns arise, and echo from the shore :—
From casement, balcony, and turret high
Love's last farewell meet every side the eye.
This Oscar view'd, and shed a silent tear,
And, sighing, murmur'd, " None will mourn me here !
If in the carnage I may chance to fall,
Oh ! who will drop a tear o'er Oscar's pall ?
And when, unheeded, in the earth I'm laid,
No friend will murmur—' Peace be to his shade ! ' "

XII.—Levantine billows now round Oscar roll,
In solitude congenial to his soul ;
And when the lamps of heaven brightly shone,
He paced the solitary deck alone.
As o'er the rolling sea his eye was cast,
His mind reverted to the days long past ;
Each wave that broke spoke of the ages fled,
And seemed to breathe of mighty empires dead.
'Twas here the four great empires of the earth
Upon these shores arose from savage birth :
Assyria, Persia, Rome and mighty Greece
Sent o'er these waters arts of war and peace—
All that the moderns boast of as refined,
All that we know, or elevates the mind :—
Our religion, our laws, all that we boast,
Has come to us from this surrounding coast.
Where is their power now ? All, all is fled ;
The Arab or the slave their ruins tread :—
Where Art and Science in their lustre shone,
The prowling wolf and jackal find a home.

XIII.—Up from Ægean billows, rising fair,
See Morea's classic hills appear ;—
We think of sounds that 'round these rocks have rung—

In thought behold the deeds by Poets sung,
In ancient days, when glorious Greece was young.
And visions of that might and glory start
Up from the past, and thrill upon the heart.
Each rock, each cape, each island, every shore—
The waves that lash them, breathe the days of yore,
In all the beauty of their classic lore.
Now Cerigo is pass'd—the boisterous waves
Against Thalio cape loud surging raves :
Let him who doubles it cease to regret;
His home and country he may now forget.
Upon our left Napoli's waters rise,
And at its head forgotten Argos lies.

XIV.—When Troy, at last, was conquer'd, and no more,
Agamemnon sought his home and native shore ;
For ten long years he led the Grecian host,
Thro' warlike dangers on the Dardan coast.
And when, at last, to Argos he returned,
To enjoy repose, that well his labors earned,
And thought, in peace, his troubled life to end,
He found a faithless wife—a perjured friend.
When love and friendship broken turns to hate—
Unhappy Prince ! how wretched was thy fate.
As Oscar flew o'er the Ægean wild,
With thoughts like these the weary days beguil'd,
Immortal Athens ! dear to every heart,
By old remembrance, once the seat of Art ;
Where poets, sages, heros, deathless sprung,
Whose fame unsullied thro' the world has rung
Who op'd to earth the springs of hidden lore,
And shed the light of science round thy shore .
A few dismantled columns now alone
Point out the spot where Art and Science shone.

XV.—Here flourished Socrates, the wise and great—
Ungrateful Athens knew his worth too late ;
He died a martyr to a holy cause,
In life, at death, ne'er turned from virtue's laws ;
But in its stainless majesty he rose,
And at his death he triumphed o'er his foes.
Here Xenophon and Plato science taught
The mighty truths that Socrates had wrought ;

Here god-like Solon, who's all powerful mind,
Left laws the most sublime unto mankind :
From Pisistratus' anger forced to roam,
An exile from his loved Athenian home.

XVI.—And thou, Corinth, has Time thy domes subdued?
Where are the works that earth with wonder view'd ?
Hast thou, like Athens, yielded to decay—
Saw thy last works as trophies borne away ?
The little that destroying Romans left,
Have moderns finished by a meaner theft ?
Thy architecture, famed in days of old,
Has dim Oblivion into nothing roll'd ?

XVII.—Far to the westward, on Morea's land,
Lacedæmon's glory in ruins stand ;
That when in war the Spartan standard rear'd,
Her hardy sons the Grecian nations fear'd :
In all the glory of her conquering pride,
Th' united strength of Attica defied.
When Xerxes with his Persian millions came,
And all Achaia trembled at his name ;
His countless legions roll'd the tide of war,
And trembling nations heard their tramp afar.
The dauntless Spartans, used to battles' fray—
With Leonidas at Thermopylæ—
Bravely, for their country, fought and bled,
And piled the marshes with the Persian dead.

XVIII.—But now, alas ! how changed this beauteous
The heartless tyrant takes the hero's stand ; [land !
And gloomy serfs now tread the classic shore,
Where glorious freedom reigned alone before.
Thus could I linger on from morn to morn,
To name the heroes that these isles have borne ;
Relentless fate denies me such delay,
And other scenes now call my pen away.
Now Mythlene lies upon our distant right,
Eubœa's hid by fast descending night :
The sun's last ray has fled Mount Athos' peak,
And lingers on the sky a feeble streak.
The surging waves lash 'gainst the Dardan shore,
Each rocky isle returns an answering roar.
As thro' the crested waves we onward fly,
Pale Cynthia re-lights the vaulted sky ;

And quick dispels the evening's misty shrouds—
Mount Ida rises boldly to the clouds—
And Tenedos, with glistening surge is past—
Where Troy once stood a veil of silence 's cast.

XIX.—But ere we leave, with this propitious wind,
Ægean seas and memories behind,
I would inscribe a sentence to that name,
Which now is blazon'd by the tongue of fame—
The Hero Bard who made these shores his theme,
And died, their ancient glory to redeem !
* * * Of all earth's fairest scenes, I ne'er before
Beheld on any sea, or any shore,
(The memory still is like a fairy dream),
A calmer, sweeter, or or more beauteous scene,
As when we entered in the Dardanelles.
How oft my fancy on that hour dwells—
Reviews the rising beauties oftentimes o'er,
That rose so grandly on each rocky shore !
From Seddul Bahr a quick and blinding flash,
Soon followed by the cannon's booming crash,
Salutes our ship, as o'er the waves we bound,
And every hill returns the welcome sound.
Part hid in foliage, the hamlets lie—
Beyond them rise the minerets to the sky.

XX.—Here hapless Helle, from her country flown,
Found in those waves oblivion and a home ;
That home she sought athwart the distant main—
She found it here, and gave those seas their name.
Here lovely Hero lit love's beacon light,
To guide her lover thro' the gloom of night ;
Who left his jealous guard of friends at home,
To battle with the stormy billow's foam :
And as the waters, in their furious flow,
Were lighted by the torch's distant glow,
That on the tower aloft was raised to view,
He proved how much true love will dare and do ;
Until one night, amid the tempest's roar,
He sought the beacon on the stormy shore ;
But fate, that often smiled on him before,
Now frowned in gloom, and he was seen no more.
When beauteous Hero saw Leander die,
She flung herself from off the turret high ;

The roaring billows screech'd with conscious pride,
And in a last embrace the lovers died.

XXI.—Huge rocky masses rise from out the deep,
Round which the rushing waves incessant leap :
The narrow channel force the pent-up tide
Upon its self, that boiling past us glide.
A lovely lawn now stretches on our side,
O'er which the cypress waves in mournful pride.
A Turkish cottage, with o'erhanging eaves,
The peaceful sameness of the scene relieves ;
Behind it lay a forest of bright oak,
Thro' which the darker limbs of cypress broke ;
A few small tents upon the green sward blend ;
Hard by the shepherds to their flocks attend :
Like spots of snow upon the plain they lie,
And make the view more beauteous to the eye.
But that is past—the channel grows more wide,
And shews the sails that on Propontis glide ;
A thousand craft their different courses ply,
With English, French and Turkish flags on high :
A hum, but half distinct, comes from afar,
Where mighty legions gather to the war.

XXII.—Fort Europe, on our left, its turrets rear—
Upon our right fort Asia's walls appear ;
Their towers rise both picturesque and strong,
And deep embrasures pierce their walls along ;
From out of which the cannons, pointing down,
Regard the Hellespont with threat'ning frown.
Upon Chersonesus' hills, renowned,
The tramp of columns and of troops resound,
And on their sides the camp is spread around.
Now distant troopers slowly come in view,
And move along, a bright and dazzling hue ;
The sun upon their steel appointment plays,
Their glancing swords reflect a thousand rays,
That dazzling shine in many different ways.
Now floating towards us, from the distant plains,
The mellow'd notes of many martial strains.
As to Gallipoli we're drawing near,
Full many strange, enlivening scenes appear,
And thro' the air is heard the roar and tramp,
Which ever rises from a warlike camp.

XXIII.—Upon Propontis sea, betimes, next morn,
On to Stamboul was Oscar swiftly borne :
Far in the distant haze, but partly seen,
The morning sun shoots forth a cheering beam ;
Extending o'er the placid sea the while,
It shows the outline of each rugged isle.
And far beyond the distant eastern shore,
Olympus rises, gloomy, "high and hoar."
Oh ! how I love to linger on those scenes,
That fed my heart with bright and happy, dreams!

XXIV.—At last, Byzantium, thy minerets rise
Before my view and point up to the skies !
The setting sun lights up the color'd walls—
From St. Sophia the muezzin calls,
The solemn "Allah, Hu," with thrilling sound,
Re-echoes from a thousand domes around.
And calls the faithful to the evening pray'r,
As mystic twilight follows Phœbus' glare.
And now, resounding from the winding shore,
I hear the echo of the loud tambour.
But stranger sounds succeed the call to pray'r—
The British bugle's notes now fill the air—
A sound unwelcome to the Moslem ear,
Who hate their allies with distrustful fear.
The beauties of this famed, delightful spot,
Stamped on my memory, I have ne'er forgot.
The thousand minerets, that rise on high,
Gilt by the setting sun, they pierce the sky ;
The huge dark ships that in the harbor laid,
The gilt caiques that on its bosom play'd.

XXV.—It seems as if Nature and Art sublime,
Both joined upon these shores to build a shrine ;
All that one could lavish, the other form,
Enchantment raised it to adorn
The seven-hilled city of the east,
And formed these beauties for a scenic feast.
'Tis sad, those dazzling domes of brilliant hue,
Will scarcely bear a stranger's nearer view.
When on the Bosphorus we gently ride,
And view its grandeur from the classic tide ;
Behold the groves of cypress that o'ershade
Some hallowed spot, where honored forms are laid :
And starting up from out the shady gloom,

The slender minaret o'ertops the tomb ;
And pointing upwards from a giddy height,
Seems to direct the spirit in its flight.
As dome o'er dome, and roof o'er roof, ascend,
Till all in one, a mass of beauty blend :
That, travel where you will this wide world o'er,
No scene like this you'll find on any shore.

XXVI.—While down the windings of the golden horn,
Soft strains of music on the breeze are borne ;
And far beyond, in mournful silence spread,
Lies Eyoub city of the lonesome dead.
While round, on ev'ry side our vessel, floats
The curved and gilded prow of fairy boats ;
That fly along with quickly dipping oars,
In dazzling swarms from off the crowded shores.
It was a sight so beauteous, and yet so strange,
And still the same, it ever seemed to change.
The British camps behind Scutari stand,
Above them rise the Asian mountains grand :
And at their base the lurid watch-fires glaze,
Till distance hides them in the growing haze.
Now Night has drawn her sombre mantle o'er
The camp, the mosque, the dim now silent shore,
But e'en there was a witching sadness here,
Which to a lone and wandering heart is dear.

XXVII. Farewell to the beauties of Islambol,
Farewell, ye scenes, delightful to my soul !
The sterner call of war bids me away,
And nations rush to swell the fierce array.
War's engines belch aloud the deadly stroke,
And flaming swords gleam thro' the bloody smoke :
Arise! ye winds, and waft me to the strand,
Where clashing squadrons in the battle stand.
Thus Oscar murmured as the fading domes
Of Islam's city, in the distance looms ;
And as he left the Bosphorus behind,
Excitement wild ran rampant thro' his mind.
Nor plain, nor mountain, his attention claimed—
One thought absorbed and in his bosom reign'd—
The grim array before his fancy sprung,
And in his ear the clash of columns rung.
He stood upon the deck the live-long day,
And strained his eager eye upon the way—

To Varna's walls, with joy, he came at last,
Within its gates with bounding heart he past.

XXVIII. The sun shone brightly on the Danube stream,
That flow'd unconscious in the morning gleam ;
But brighter rays reflected back his beam—
Osmanli's steel, that shews a glist'ning sheen.
The Cossack hordes appear upon the plain ;
Soon with their blood this grassy turf they'll stain.
Behind their trenches, formed, the Moslems lie,
And view their gath'ring foe with wary eye,
Who charge the trenches with a broken fire,
Then, wheeling round, with shatter'd ranks retire.
Still down upon the Turks the Cossacks pour ;
Hurl'd back, they fall, bespattered with their gore,
From off their steeds, that, frightened by the fray,
Loud neighing snort, and gallop far away.
Till rank on rank, repulsed, rolls on the sod,
Who's dying forms by other ranks are trod ;
Still from the trenches comes the leaden show'r
And Russian troops fall shatter'd 'neath its pow'r :
On, on they come—they meet the deadly shock,
And, broken, fall, as waves against a rock:

XXIX.—For one last charge the shatter'd ranks combine,
And onward rushed with wide extended line ;
Three sweeping volleys from the trenches fly,
The Russian ranks still stagger on to die.
From their embankment now the Moslems rush,
And, with a yell, the broken columns crush.
With dripping sword, and reckless of his life,
Did Oscar join the thickest of the strife ;
A storm of bullets rattle o'er his head,
And stalwart foemen 'neath his arm lay dead—
The flame of war is gleaming round him red,
And groaning forms beneath his feet are spread.
The cries and curses from the earth ascend,
And with exulting shouts of " Allah !" blend.
Till crushed and broken 'neath the sword and fire,
The routed ranks of Russians fast retire.*
But still pursuing with destroying blade,
Drowned in their gore, retreating lines are laid ;

* The Battle of Oltenitza was fought November 2nd, 1853.

The steam of blood arises from the ground.
And fills the dense and heated air around.

XXX.—Another morn arose—the Russians came.
And heated engines belched appalling flame ;
Adown they poured a steady tide of men—
Swept down in hosts, they onward came again :
Up to the very cannon's mouth they rush'd—
Beneath their thunders they were downward crush'd.
As, winged with death, the flaming bolts were borne.
And sturdy forms to bleeding atoms torn.
But other ranks fill'd up their place afresh,
Trode down, in turn, a shapeless mass of flesh.
Still loud the thunders roar—the fight grows fierce—
Revolving bullets manly bosoms pierce ;
The bleeding flesh with ghastly wounds they tear.
And leave the twitching fibres rent and bare.
Upon the trench, at length, the Russians stand,
And fierce the conflict wages, hand to hand ;
The sword and bayonet swift return their blows.
And blood of foemen mingling downward flows.

XXXI.—Now, driven back, the Russians fast retreat—
Again they feel the terrors of defeat.
In vain the leaders call to charge once more ;
The dogged troops quickly retire before
The mangling charges of destroying grape,
That mow them down as they attempt to escape.
One only spot the Russians gained a hold,—
Where heaps of slain the dreadful carnage told.
Nor was the placé they gained by them long held—
Charged by the Turks, they quickly were expelled.
As fast before their enemies they fled,
The Russians plunged their bayonets in the dead :
In vain the wounded mercy did implore,
Their ruthless foes still stabbed them o'er and o'er :
And where a writhing form was gasping low,
The flying Russians crushed with coward blow,
And sought in shameful, savage deeds to sate
The bloody promptings of religious hate :
And e'en the dying, drawing forth their knives,
With feeble hand sought for each other's lives.

XXXII.—While Omar Pasha, from the height survey'd
The mighty force upon the plain array'd ;

He viewed his soldiers firm, and undismay'd,
Pile Russian dead before each trench and glade.
He saw their ranks drop 'neath each fiery stroke:—
He saw them fly discomfited and broke.
Day after day the Russian squadrons came,
And every day beheld their fate the same ;
And every sun that rose so bright and fair,
Sunk back in gloom upon the battle's glare ;
And victory sided with the Turkish sword,
And blank defeat upon the Russian horde.
Unbroken by the conflicts of the day,
Oftimes did Oscar join the nightly fray ;
His bold and reckless, fierce, undaunted mien
Won from the Turks their wonder and esteem.
And when the fight was o'er, he'd sink alone
Upon some silent spot, to dream of home ;
And, in those dreams, return unto that shore.
To count past scenes of pleasure o'er and o'er.

XXXIII.—A still more ghastly curse than carnage soon
Spread o'er the Muscovites a cloud of gloom ;
Those who outlived the conflict on the plain
Where stricken by the Plague's more frightful bane ;
And men who dreaded not the battle storm
Shrank back, in horror, from the ghastly form.
In every charge the Russians fared the worst,
By foes pursued, with deep, revengeful thirst :
The Moslems they had treated with disdain
Now left them covered with defeat and shame.
And still the tide of war unceasing flow'd,
And many daring feats of valour shew'd.
The Russian troops, defeated o'er and o'er,
Arose each day fresh losses to deplore.
Thus pass'd the time along from day to day,
In sortie, storm, and gloomy night affray,
That proved the sons of Ottoman could retain
The land their fathers won by sword and flame ;
Shew'd that the thunders that subdued the Greek
Again in battle can as loudly speak.

XXXIV.—As Rarakal was wrapt in deep repose,
And tired sentries on their muskets dose,
Dull weariness upon their eyelids crept.
And all was silent where the Russians slept ;
Save when the sounding foot-fall in the street,

Would call the echoes from their dark retreat,
 And told where weary sentries trod their beat,
 And Aluta murmuring soft and sweet.
 Hark! what sound upon the breeze now comes?
 A steady tramp, and now the roll of drums:
 It nearer comes—the sentries call alarm,
 And soon the shout is heard—"To arm! to arm!"
 In strange disorder now the bayonets form,
 And guns are loaded to resist the storm:
 Swift, crashing volleys down upon them pour—
 The deadly cannon gives a louder roar.
 Confused and broken, startled and amaz'd,
 The Russian lines, so hastily array'd,
 Before the furious onslaught broke and fled,
 And left the ground strewn over with their dead.
 Though fierce the struggle, it was swiftly o'er,
 And Rarakal reeked with the Russian gore:
 Tho' small the number of the Turkish host,
 Their "Ollahs" rang triumphant o'er the post;
 And when upon the town the sun arose,
 They saw no trace of their much hated foes—
 Save where the contest of the night before
 Had paved with slain sweet Nature's floor.

XXXV.—Stretch'd on the earth and grasping still his
 A bleeding form in pools of blood was laid; [blade,
 A fearful gash had left his bosom bare,
 And shew'd the sever'd muscles writhing there.
 As every feeble pulse would raise his heart,
 The hideous wound would ope and gape apart.
 And drops of clotted gore would outward roll
 At every effort of the lingering soul.
 His glassy eyes were starting forth with pain—
 He moved his lips to syllable a name;
 Then starting up, he wildly gazed around—
 Then fell exhausted on the gory ground.

XXXVI.—Hard by this spot, as Oscar, musing, stray'd,
 Where earth upheld a hideous death parade,
 Close to the dying man he chanced to stop,
 And saw his life ooze from him drop by drop.
 He groan'd aloud, then raised a feeble cry:
 "One draught of water, Heaven! ere I die!"
 Off to a spring did Oscar run full swift,
 To bring a dying foe the priceless gift;

And with the cooling element return'd
 To wet the lips where life's last fever burn'd.
 He raised the Russian's head and held the cup,
 Who quaffed with agony each eager sup ;
 Then bathed the brow of the fast dying brave
 With cooling show'r of the crystal wave.
 Now seeming from his lethargy awoke,
 He gazed on Oscar, groaned, and thus he spoke :
 " Yes, 'twas thou that struck the deadly blow,
 Which laid me here in pain and anguish low ;*
 Now finish what thou hast so well begun—
 One stroke, I beg and let thy task be done !"

XXXVII.—He scarce had ceased, when, rushing from his
 The lingering tide of life swept o'er his vest ; [breast,
 And drop'd on Oscar's hand a stream of gore,
 Which made him quiver to his bosom's core.
 Upon his arm fell back the heavy head—
 He look'd again, the fearless soul had fled :
 Still on him gazed the eyes with deadly glare,
 And fiercely looked with wild accusing stare ;
 Scorn and defiance hung upon his face—
 Departed passions left behind their trace.
 Struck dumb with horror he beheld the dead,
 Then left the spot with an instinctive dread.
 Beyond the gory heaps of swollen slain,
 The town is wrapt in one wide sheet of flame,
 And, laden with their spoils, the Turks return,
 And Karakal deserted, 's left to burn.
 Such is the work of War, and it were small,
 If scenes like these contain'd its horrors all :
 The helpless widow, and the orphan's wail,
 Will tell a drear and more heart-rending tale !

XXXVIII.—Fierce flow'd the Danube stream on Christ-
 Upon the torrent sheets of ice were borne, [mas morn†
 That crash along upon the swollen tide,
 And toss huge flakes high up on either side ;
 Which drown'd the noise at Kalafat, that day,
 Of Turkish squadrons marshaling for the fray :
 To storm Citate,‡ where the invaders lay,

* A Fact.

† The old Christmas.

‡ The Battle of Citate was fought 6th January, 1854.

They left their trenches with a strong array.
 The Russians, wrapt in holiday repose,
 Dreamt not of their, now fast approaching, foes,
 And scarce had time to grasp the belt or sword,
 Ere Turkish bayonets down upon them poured.
 'Twas then a fierce and bloody fight began,
 Along the street they struggled man to man ;
 While down the lane outflash'd the cannon's glare.
 And clouds of smoke be-dimmed the morning air.
 Within the windows Russian marksmen stood,
 And poured upon the streets a leaden flood ;
 Within the houses not less fierce the fight—
 No quarter given—fate denied them flight.

XXXIX.—Along the streets the fierce assailants spread.
 And roll'd the carnage over heaps of dead.
 Clutched in each other's arms, they fiercely fought.
 None call'd for mercy—nor was mercy sought.
 The bloody conflict roll'd from door to door,
 And every stone was bathed in dripping gore ;
 The tottering houses fell with heavy crash,
 And dead and living forms together smash.
 The fragments, torn by cannon from the wall,
 Conflicting foemen crushing as they fall :
 The Russians fast were from the village drove—
 To gain their trenches, now, they fiercely strove.
 Before the church some Russian guns were laid,
 That on the Turks with dread precision play'd—
 But now they charge them with a deafening cry ;
 Into the church the Russian gunnners fly.
 Wild was the struggle on the sacred floor,
 That now was drench'd with pools of streaming gore ;
 Unto conflicting sounds the walls reply'd,
 As Turk and Russian struggled, fell, and died.

XL.—Amid a savage, fierce, and reckless band
 In Citate's streets, did Oscar take his stand,
 And thro' dire carnage, on that awful morn,
 He pass'd from fray to fray, from storm to storm ;
 Until one pile that long defied their might,
 Upon whose walls the Russian arms shone bright.
 It long withstood the stormers, till, at length,
 The doors gave way before united strength :
 And in they rushed—so closely foemen stood,
 That every inch was won by streams of blood,—

All in a dense and strggling mass were crush'd,
And knife to kuife they on each other rush'd.
No sound—save when the sabres met in air,
Or dying groans of anguish and despair ;
Or struggling forms that fell with heavy fall,
Or blood and brains that splash'd against the wall,
And when the rifle club'd, with deadly blow,
Would crush the head of some o'er stubborn foe :
And fiend-like butchers, with the gory knife,
As breast to breast they swell'd the demon strife.

XLI.—The village, now, is one vast heap of dead,
Oe'r which the victors, shouting " Ollah," tread ;
The Russian troops their trenches yet retain,
And on the Moslems pour the iron rain.
Twice did they charge across the gory ground,
And twice were driven from the flaming mound ;
They charged again, when, close upon their rear,
A Russian squadron fast were drawing near—
Hemm'd by outnumbering foes on either side,
The Moslem's valour was severely tried.
Another charge upon the trench was made,
Which drove the Russians from their guns dismay'd.
While up the street their fresh assailants come,
Up to the muzzle of each shotted gun.
The crowded columns come—one moment more.
One deafening crash—one loud and deadly roar—
The shattered ranks lay writhing in their gore.
And down the hill the scarlet torrents pour.
The sword soon made the butchery complete,
And Triumph waved the crescent o'er Citate.

XLII.—Slow winter dragged along its weary way,
Both armies looking forward to the day,
When they would meet upon the battle plain
The one its sullied honor to regain ;
The other what they fought for to retain.
Each in their camps their growing strength review,
Awaiting spring their contest to renew.
At length the weary months had onward flown,
And genial suns upon the Danube shone,
Whose putrid marshes raised the fog of death,
And spread disease and plague in ev'ry breath.
A Russian army cross'd the Danube coast,
And in the deadly swamps had made a post ;

Already did they feel the silent foe,
Lay thousands of their bravest veterans low.

XLIII.—Pojana, too, was taken, like Citate.
As victory make the Turkish arms elate :
Here Oscar, by a flying shot, was torn.
And back to Kalafat was wounded borne ;
And long he lay upon a painful bed,
Still breathing life and living all but dead.
He thro' the weary hours did constant pray
For strength to join again the gory fray.
At length to Varna he was made return,
Away from laurels that he wished to earn—
Away from all that held the charm of life,
The crash of battle, and conflicting strife—
Away from danger that his bosom spurn'd—
Away from scenes for which he ceaseless burn'd.

* * * * *
And cease thee, now, thy labors here, my pen,
Till other deeds will call thee forth again :
One thing alone, these labors will requite—
For which I live, for which I work and write !

CANTO THE THIRD.

Calm flow'd the Euxine's billows on the night
When allied nations, join'd, put forth their might—
When France and England, in their strength array'd
Their mighty fleet that on the waves parade,
To seek Crimean drear and barren strand,
Where outnumbering foes awaiting stand :
And lend thy aid, Oh ! heavenly Muse ! to tell
The dire disasters that these shores befel—
The dreadful carnage, such as ne'er before
Was seen by any age or any shore ;
Where naked horror shed tumultuous gleam,
And hungry demons gloated to extreme ;
Where stark disease, with all its horrors, came
With livid form to swell War's gory train,
To add to carnage still another curse :
Be this my task those terrors to rehearse.

Rise up the visions of departed gloom,
And call those deeds from out oblivion's womb!

II.—Upon the desolate and barren beach,
Where soaring sea-birds in wild concert screech.
Was soon a moving mass of glist'ning steel,
Where swaying columns inland turn and wheel ;
And o'er the drear and barren wastes they spread,
That now re-echo to invading tread.
Across the moors the sleety winds blew fierce,
And seemed the very bones with cold to pierce—
A drearer night succeeds a dreary day,
As bloated Phœbus slowly fades away.
To halt ! at last, the winding bugles sound,
And weary forms sink on the dewy ground.
No lighted watchfires threw a cheering beam,
Or show how desolate the dreary scene ;
The howling blasts, sleet-laden, o'er them shed
Their frozen tears upon their sodden bed :
The gloomy darkness, threat'ning and profound,
O'ershades the host and compass it around.

III.—At length they reached the Alma's shallow stream.
And burning homesteads on its banks are seen :
The Russians to the heights now fast retire,
And leave the villages a blazing pyre.
High mountains rise upon the southern side,
That guard the waters of the Alma's tide ;
And on their summits Russian forts were raised—
Their sides a wall of guns and bayonets blazed.
The French the first dashed o'er the river's bank,
And charged the frowning hill rank after rank ;
Still mounting upwards with a ringing shout,
Their foes in terror soon they put to rout.
The gory shock of battle then began,
As, wing'd with death the whistling bullets ran ;
The hills seemed quaking 'neath the dread rebound
Of thousand cannons vomiting around,
With certain aim the dreaded rifle speaks,—
The flying lead its deadly mission seeks :
And thirsty earth drinks in the pools of gore,
In clotted streams that on its bosom pour.

IV.—And now the British charge the Alma's vale,
Amidst an iron storm that fell like hail :

•

Across the bloody stream they fearless dash,
 Where bristling cannons in their faces flash.
 From the opposing bank the foe retir'd,
 But ere they left, a line of faggots fired,
 That turned the shore to one wide sheet of flame,
 Out which the iron rolls with deadly aim ;
 While o'er their heads the shells and rockets fly,
 That to the Russian guns make fierce reply.
 The roaring cannons belch the scathing breath,
 And on the stormers vomit flame and death.
 No bosom faltered in the ranks thus torn,
 But on they rushed, and treated death with scorn.
 And Alma's tide, that roll'd from shore to shore,
 Was now a hissing stream of human gore,
 As bursting shells would drop into its wave,
 And form for dauntless hearts a bloody grave :
 Or scathing balls would make the stream recoil—
 The muddy gore in circling eddies boil.

V.—Swift through the burning pile the British tore,
 And almost quenched the fires with their gore.
 Into the vineyards next, where vines were hewn,
 And grapes in clusters on the earth were strewn :
 While bullets plough'd the ground up at their feet,
 The thirsty soldiers plucked the fruit to eat ;
 Their torn and mangled comrades round them fell,
 'Mid storming balls that yelpt their dying knell.
 On, up the hill, the British bayonets rush,
 That deafening thunders with wild havoc crush ;
 But still through sweeping volleys on they tread,
 Those dauntless heroes by a hero led.
 And, as a living tide, they upward rose,
 Sprung o'er the wall and bayoneted their foes ;
 Cheer after cheer re-echoed from the height,
 Heard by the Russians in their hasty flight :
 Who in the clouds of smoke the eye could trace,
 Defeated, broken, flying with disgrace.
 Thus was the victory of the Alma done,
 And distant homes will tell how dear 't was won !

VI.—The field is won, and fast declining day
 Flies from the scene where groaning victims lay ;
 And o'er the trodden earth the night wind roams,
 And to the victors' ears bring dying groans,
 As some deserted wretch despairing dies—

Upon all else a hideous silence lies :
Death's clammy dew upon his brow have sprung,
And racking pain his iron muscles rung,—
He dreams of home, and loving forms appear ;
He murmurs names unto his bosom dear :
And then in dreams he fights the battle o'er,
Or welters fiercely in his clotted gore !
At each exertion still more feeble grows
The failing efforts of his dying throes.
Still faint, and fainter glow the vital fires,
And, with a sigh, the warrior expires.
A still more hideous sight hard by is shewn—
A broken mass of shattered flesh and bone ;
The blackened drops of gore from out it ran,
And scarce the eye could say, such was a man.

VII.—The wild excitement of the strife is past,
And o'er the awful scene the eye is cast ;
But turns with horror and disgust aside—
Each mangled form—each groan seems to deride
False glory's wreath, that binds his brow with pride.
He'd in that glory's promptings fain immerse
The voice that hails the victor with a curse !
E'en tho' his cause be just, and fate demands
Such deeds, for justice sake, from out his hands :
'Tis when the battle's o'er—the cause is won.
His heart would wish, would it were never done.
Not so the wretch whose cause is gold or hate—
Long may he struggle 'gainst his adverse fate,
For Heaven's vengeance comes full sure, though late.
Such things, on Earth, have been ordain'd by God ;
Each shore, each isle, wherever man hath trod—
The gloomy savage, knowing little more,
Can wield the club—or wash his hand in gore—
No spot on earth, wherever man hath been,
But war and bloodshed on his path are seen !

VIII.—Now darkness covers o'er the hideous plain,
Yet still amidst the heaps of gory slain,
A feeble light some comrade's steps direct,
Thro' piles of dead the lost one to detect :
Or where the pillager for spoils yet trod,
And on his horrid errand stalked abroad.
The victors, resting, round their watch-fires lie,
Below them, stretched, their wounded comrades die ;

Full many homes have lost, that dreadful day,
Their dearest tie—their only prop and stay.
Ah! wretched Armand, hadst thou fallen there,
Thy bosom then had never known this care.
Oh! such a death were noble, proud and great;
But such a destiny was denied by fate.
But death or life, I care not when, or how—
A blasted heart had better perish now.
What boots the tide of years before me spread,
When hopes and visions that my bosom fed;
When life's great charm is now forever fled—
O! surely it were better to be dead!

IX.—The pits are dug, the gory slain are laid
In their last home—a sad and grim parade;
And they who fought in battle, breast-to breast,
Sink back to earth, and take their endless rest.
But long will Alma tell the deeds they 've done,
And Fame will crown the glories they have won;
Will o'er these sterile hills a halo cast,
Of mighty deeds, now numbered in the past;
And Alma's stream, that murmurs on, will tell,
Of those who, charging, on its bosom fell;
Will shew, in slime, beneath its sullen wave,
Reposing bones of heroes stern and brave;
Tho' Alma be their bed, its stream their pall—
It saw them struggle, and it saw them fall.
Unconsciously it flows still sadly o'er
The forms that turned its waters once to gore.
Forms that composed Britannia's might and pride—
Calm be their rest along the Alma's tide:
Let grasping tyrants look upon each height,
And feel how great, invincible is Right.

X.—The morning mist still hung upon the plain,
Where battle's victims 'neath its sod are lain;
And soon the lingering fogs of cheerless night
Roll off the vale and hang upon the height.
And loud the reveille the bugles sing,
The Allied camps to life and bustle spring;
The stirring notes re-echo shrill and clear,
And mustering columns on the hills appear—
Victorious banners flutter in the air,
And soon are gilt by Phœbus' dazzling glare.
The tents are struck—the moving forces blend

In glit'ring masses, as the lines extend ;
War's stern array they quickly now assume,
And to the south their hopeful march resume.
But ere the French depart from heights they storm'd,
Their glistening columns on the summits form'd ;
And one wild shout of victory they rise,
That seems to pierce the heaven-vaulted skies.
And every hill replies to martial strains,
Whose mellow flow is echoed on the plains !

XI.—Soon o'er Crimean wastes the Allies pass'd,
Regretful looks were often backwards cast
Upon some comrade's grave, cold, blank and drear,
Where forms repose, by danger rendered dear.
Or looks of pride cast on the hills around,
Where victory their glorious efforts crown'd.
The deeds done here thro' all the world resound,
And long will Alma's river be renown'd.
Till time into eternity will flow,
Famed be the men that struck the Despot low !
At length the marching columns came in view
Of Katcha Valley, rich and verdant hue :
And in its bosom flows along between,
The noisy waters of its rapid stream.
As the sparkling river rolls along, its wave,
In mimic breakers, verdant banks doth lave ;
A row of hills rise on the other side,
Which, sloping gently, meet the rural tide,
That thro' delicious vineyards takes its way,
In nature's guileless and unconscious play.

XII.—Amid luxuriant gardens, bright and fair,
Deserted homes look silent, sad and bare ;
No thoughtless children gambol at the door,
Nor merry footsteps trip across the floor :
No signs of life on any side appear,
To break a scene so beautiful and drear.
The people 'fore the ruthless Cossacks fled,
Who left their homes in desolation spread :
And every spot, where'er the Russians trod,
Retains the mark of blank destruction's rod.
All that foul Russians could destroy or break,
Were torn and shattered for destruction's sake ;
And Eskel, once a happy village, lies
A mournful scene to greet invading eyes.

III.
The household gods lay broken on the hearth,
Round which the soldiers join unseeming mirth ;
But they, whose trade is war, but little care
For scenes that softer hearts with pain might tear.
And reckless turn'd by battle's scathing breath,
They smile on life and coldly gaze on death !

XIII.—O ! soon aspiring Muse, thy labors end,
Since hopes that call'd thee forth no longer lend
Their cheering rays, thy onward path to guide,
And lead thee :oaring on thro' love and pride.
That hope is fled that prompted every deed,
That hand is cold that sowed ambition's seed ;
And thou who taught the glowing pen to write,
Who nerved the arm with iron strength to smite,
Thou, who in every dream hath stood before
My mind, and urged me ever on to more !
That peerless prize on which I set my soul,
Which form'd, thro' life, my only aim and goal,
Is gone—forever gone—and let it go.
As God decrees, so fate unchanged must flow !
And when, beguiling Muse : thy task will cease,
O ! let my pen sink back again in peace.
What once enthral'd me, I can smile on now,
Nor feel a throb expand my heart or brow !
And let my heart, my soul, and being change,
To grasp a wider tho' less happy range !

XIV.—The evening closed in beauty round the walls
Of that doomed* city, in whose festive hall†
Where Russian beauties, and where Russian pride,
With mirth and pleasure thro' the hours glide.
Without, the sky is cloudless, calm, serene,
And in the dusky vault sails heaven's queen ;
The stars in myriads appear'd on high,
And hung in clusters from the balmy sky.
And now and then, a Russian cannon's glare
Would burst an instant on the stilly air ;
Vibrating as the ball went swiftly by,
The wand'ring echoes in the distance die ;

* Sebastopol.

† There was a grand Ball, given by the Russian Governor, on the night before the commencement of the siege.

Or when a shell, cast with uncertain aim,
Burst harmless o'er the dim and silent plain.
The Allied guns in silence wait the morn,
Then to reply with devastating storm :
And where now shines the star-like casement light,
Will rest in darkness by to-morrow night ;
And many hearts with hope now beating high,
In death's embrace will cold and pulseless lie !

XV.—The morn arose—the hour came at last,
When upward from the allied lines were cast
Successively three hissing shells on high,
That circling plough'd across the morning sky.
And then, as if all hell from earth had sprung,
A thousand thunders from its bosom rung ;
The demons, long enchained, let loose in air,
Scream'd loud amid the lurid glare.
And stream on stream of lightning roll'd,
A molten flood upon the Russian hold ;
The blinding smoke, in clouds, hid all around,
And hung in folds upon the trembling ground,
That quaked and shiver'd at each fresh rebound !
Then France and England, in their strength and pow'r,
Shed on their foe one fierce unceasing show'r
Of deadly iron 'gainst the fortress wall,
That deal destruction wheresoe'er they fall,
With ghastly shell, and swift and certain ball.
Their dogged foes as loud and swift reply,
Till earth, like hell, no longer greets the sky.

XVI.—A wish'd-for breeze arose—dispelled the smoke
That lately hung on earth a dismal yoke ;
And shew'd the fortress frowning still the same,
In bold defiance of each tide of flame,
That from the trenches deadly missiles pour'd,
As iron monsters to each other roar'd.
And still the sun roll'd on, bright and serene,
Above the splendid and appalling scene.
The ceaseless thunders roll from side to side,
One long, terrific and unchanging tide ;
No calm, no lull amid the hideous toil,
But still the fortress all their efforts foil.
One only tower shattered, rent and bare,
Stood lone and silent in the deadly air ;
Its guns dismounted on the earth were thrown,

And every man from off its walls had flown.
 When one wild shock,* that seemed the earth to rend,
 And shattered fragments high together send,
 With mangled forms in one wild moment torn,
 Are back to earth in dreadful havoc borne!

XVII.—And soon the fleet came o'er the Euxine's wave,
 Whose startled waters 'neath their thunders rave ;
 And hissing boil beneath the scathing flame,
 That, rolling from their sides, incessant came.
 The granite forts with dogged strength reply,
 Till, wrapt in smoke, the deadly engines ply—
 From sea to shore their crushing missiles send,
 That through the air in flying masses blend.
 Where'er the eye may turn, wide sheets of flame,
 Roll'd off the shore, are answered from the main ;
 And as each mighty ship came sailing in,
 Her broadsides swell'd more loud the hellish din,
 That all around on every side prevailed,
 As crushing bolts the trench or wall assailed.
 The atmosphere, a thick and lurid smoke,
 By circling shell and grinding ball was broke ;
 And suffocating vapours hid the sky,
 Thro' which the screaming balls unceasing fly—
 Death and destruction shown where'r they fell
 Earth seem'd to vomit from its bowels Hell!

XVIII.—The tons of mangling iron constant flew
 In one wild hurricane of Death that blew,
 Without a pause, upon that awful morn,
 From every point a grim and hideous storm.
 On every side Death sprung with ghastly stride,
 And in each ditch laid Glory, Love, and Pride :
 The great and humble blood commingled flows—
 Relentless havoc no distinction knows.
 O ! ye who boast a line of noble blood,
 Go trace its stream in yonder gory mud ;
 Or in that shapeless heap of flesh, go find
 A mark that tells the noble, prince, or hind :
 In vain ye search—yon stream of clotted gore
 May be the life-blood of a prince or boor.
 The poor distinctions of a flimsy world
 Here, back to earth, from which they sprung, are hurl'd.

* Explosion of the Redan on the first day of the siege.

Grim Death derides distinctions with the slain,
Their cause alike—their fate hath been the same ;
And all will fill alike a common grave,
Earth's only tribute to the good and brave.

XIX.—Away ! ye dreams, why round my spirit weave
Your pleasing bonds, that charm me to deceive ?
O ! let me grasp the pen, the only hope
That gives my spirit strength and boundless scope.
But no, the glowing pen could never tell
(Tho' great its power) of thoughts that dwell
Within the hidden dungeon of the soul,
And holds the being in its dark control.
The choicest gems of thought that swell the heart,
Can never from its secret cells depart.—
Oh ! could the tongue the spirit's feelings tell,
The human breast would be a rayless hell :
It would not taste those dreams of sweet delight,
That lead the spirit an unbounded flight.
The soul's deep music to itself confined,
Forms all the beauty of the human mind,
And o'er our souls exert a happy sway,
Appreciate its beauties as we may.
Ah ! what to me were life without those dreams
That shed around its brightest, fairest beams !

XX.—O ! Earth, what are thy beauties ? what thy charms ?
What are thy puny terrors—or alarms ?
What all the pleasures of each fond delight,
That swell the heart, the yearning soul to smite ?
Were man's deep passions given for his bane—
His proudest thoughts and fondest hopes to stain ?
Were those deep throbs that oft the soul inspire
With wild ambition, or with fierce desire—
Are they a curse, or blessing ? who can tell ?
Let Heaven answer, and confirm it, Hell !
Say what is earthly hope, affection, love ?
Are they but hollow words Deception wove ?
That sow the seeds of sorrow in the heart,
As every day beholds their rays depart,
Till rent and broke is each endearing tie,
As those bright phantoms that we cherished fly,
And leaves the heart a desert lone and drear,
Without a hope our gloomy path to cheer,

Until the sands of life, receding, flow,
That rose in hope, depart in speechless woe !

XXI.—Now dark October pours its sleety rains
Upon Crimean bleak, embattled plains,
That constant echo to the martial tread
Of warlike squadrons to the battle led :
And mournful winds, in Balaklava vale,
Prophetic breathes to-morrow's woeful tale !
Upon that morn a sickly sun arose,*
And showed the lines of fast approaching foes,
That soon before the four redoubts appear'd,
Which 'cross the valley's breast on hills were rear'd :
A force o'erwhelming now apace advance,
With clanking sabre, glistening spear, and lance.
Soon from the first redoubt the Turks retire
Before the Russians' fierce and galling fire ;
Who, in six compact squares, advancing wheel,
And light the valley with a blaze of steel.
The roar of cannon gave the first alarm,
And British troops were swiftly seen to arm—
The Mussulmans scarce daring to oppose
The swift approach of their outnumbering foes.

XXII.—The third and fourth redoubt successive fall,
And Russian eagles flaunt above each wall.
In wild confusion now the Moslems fly ;
Swift after them the Russian horsemen hie,
And down upon the flying Turks they pour,
And wield their sabres, red with streaming gore.
Across the plain the Russian horsemen sped,
And strew'd the valley with the Turkish dead :
The routed Turks at length form up behind
The British line, and there a shelter find.
Now soon the Russian horsemen mount the hill,
And see their foes, awaiting stern and still ;
A long red line of Gaelic heroes there,
Whose trusty bayonets o'er their bonnets glare,
Awaiting calmly for the charge to tell
Them, worthy sons of those who, fighting, fell

* The Battle of Balaklava.

Before Quebec's high walls—in sunny Spain—
Old Scotia's sons—her pride, her boast and fame!

XXIII.—In one broad line upon the Scots they dash—
A dazzling mass they through the valley flash;
Their speed increasing with each onward stride,
The earth upturned is thrown on either side.
On, on they come, with wild and fearful pace,
Upon the line that moveless keeps its place.
Down goes in front the glistening line of steel,
And loudly rings the deadly rifle's peal.
Yet still unchecked, but like a wave they came,—
Another deadly volley rings again.
Hurl'd back in wild confusion, rank on rank,
Both horse and rider down together sank;
They open files to right and left, and fly
The fatal spot, and leave their friends to die:
And, covered with defeat and shame, they near
Their horde of friends, and close up in the rear,
And in a cloud of lances disappear,
To rid their souls of terror, shame, and fear.

XXIV.—Now o'er the hill, that rises 'thwart the vale,
The trumpet's blast swells loudly on the gale,
And every hand grasps firm the sword and rein,
As o'er the hill the Russian horsemen came;
Who, in three deep and massive lines, advance,
And in the air their bright appointments glance—
Near twice the number of their dauntless foe,
Who calmly wait the time to strike the blow.
Adown the hill the Russian horsemen ride,
And view their foe with seeming scorn and pride.
In two bright lines the British horsemen stand,
In valour's halo, beautiful and grand;
And loud the bugle sings the warning sound,
And cavern'd rocks repeat the notes around.
Undaunted by the numbers of their foe,
Whose lances light the valley with their glow,
The British horsemen grasp the eager sword,
To hurl destruction on the coming horde,
Who down the hill in glistening masses spring,
And thro' the vale their clanking sabres ring.

XXV.—The trumpet rings again, and but one word,
Thro' Balaklava valley, now is heard. [sound,
"Charge!" cries the chief—but scarce the word could
The massive columns 'thwart the valley bound,
And headlong cross the intervening space—
A sheet of lightning on the valley's face.
The Russian wings close in as on they rush,
And threat the daring heroes soon to crush.
On, on they dash with one exulting cheer,
That thro' the valley echoes wild and clear,
Which makes each pulse with deep excitement start,
And thrills with warlike ardour every heart.
Soon with a shock that made the mountains quake,
The British lines upon the Russians break—
As lightning flashes through surrounding gloom,
Through Russian ranks went British sword and plume:
As horse and rider to the earth were borne,
They by each flying hoof were crushed and torn—
From frightful wounds roll out a bloody rain,
In gory pools, the mossy turf to stain.

XXVI.—Wild was the shock, and fierce the clash of steel,
The Russian masses quiver, sway, and reel;
Amid the air the dripping sabres dance,
And snorting chargers in the conflict prance.
The British disappear amid their foe,
Whose shaking masses felt the awful blow;
Now they emerge from out the broken mass,
And onward to the second line they pass,
That down upon the shatter'd columns pour,
The fortune of the battle to restore.
With desperate courage, on the British dash,
And o'er their foes their dripping sabres flash:
Another shock is felt along the vale—
Another cheer swells wildly on the gale.
The last deep line of British horsemen hie
Across the vale, and seem almost to fly;
So fierce the ardour of each warlike steed,
They cross the valley with outstripping speed.
On, on they fly upon their awful course,
Their speed increasing with tremendous force;
And through the swaying ranks of Russians now,
The British heroes with their sabres plough.

The crowded lines of Russians sway and shake,
Then with confusion wild, they ope, and break ;
And scarce the second line the chargers meet,
The Russian columns, broken, fast retreat ;
And with a speed fear only can inspire,
The routed Russians to their friends retire !

XXVII.—O ! tragic Muse, awake ! my pen inspire !
Direct my fancy and my bosom's fire,
And shape my glowing thoughts here to relate,
The charge of heroes, and their gloomy fate :
And mourn o'er dauntless Nolan's early grave,
The youthful hero—bravest of the brave,
Whose desperate valour long will be renown'd,
While Bards will sing—or Fame's loud trumpet sound.
The Russian army, numbering thousands, lay
Across the valley in oblique array :
The three redoubts the Russians yet retain,
And from their sides roll forth a tide of flame ;
Reserves in masses hover in the rear,—
On hills around the crowded ranks appear.
Along their front are iron monsters seen,
Diverging cannons cut the space between,
On which a storm of iron ceaseless fell,
And tore the earth with bounding ball and shell.

XXVIII.—The order was received, and but one way
Remained the dauntless heroes—to obey.
SIX HUNDRED only rode to the attack—
Beheld their foe, and saw their deadly track !
As onward to the front they proudly pass'd,
Loud volleys from the Russian lines were cast,
But on they swept in trappings bright and gay,
“In all the gorgeousness of War's array.”
Now on they rush into the arms of death,
Where cannons belch aloud a deadly breath ;
The smoke and flame roll out a steady flood,
And ghastly wounds soon drench the earth with blood.
Swift through their lines the grinding missiles tear,
And, 'mid the smoke, their shining sabres glare ;
But still unchecked, undaunted, on they dash,
Upon the monsters that before them flash.
But in their wake, along the ground, is cast

The fatal marks which told where they had pass'd.
 By every iron monster downward hewn,
 Upon the earth, were shatter'd bodies strewn,
 Or horses dashing riderless away
 Across the valley, frightened from the fray.

XXIX.—But hark! through clouds of smoke, what
 flying steed

Turns from the battle, and, with frantic speed,
 Re-treads the ground o'er which it lately flew,
 When he who held the rein no terror knew.
 But now that hand hangs listless by his side,
 And from his breast pours forth the living tide,
 From out a heart, now shattered to its core,
 That ne'er will swell with pride or triumph more;
 Fixed rigid in his seat, he firmly rides,
 His pulseless hand no more the charger guides—
 No, did one drop of blood still through him flow,
 He ne'er would turn his back upon the foe;
 Tho' Death in naked horror fill'd his eye,
 And Duty call'd, he'd bravely charge and die!
 A soldier's heart has but one life to give
 Unto a cause, for which he fain would live:
 He lived for glory, and with honor died,—
 A weeping nation hails his name with pride.
 Let him the greedy earth at last enfold,
 And leave in peace a hero's form to mould.

XXX.—Now in the very cannons' face they spring,
 And from their ranks a cheer is heard to ring
 Above the guns that hoarsely bellow near,
 And mid their foes the heroes disappear.
 And with an ardour potent and divine,
 They cleave their foes from crown unto the chine.
 Around their guns, in heaps, the Russians lie—
 Through hideous wounds they gasp their life and die:
 Still down before each blow a Russian sank,
 And earth, with open jaws, their life blood drank.
 Now, as a whirlwind tears along the ground,
 The British troopers through the Russians bound,
 And scatter them like forest leaves around.
 Soon as the bugle calls them to retire,
 Upon their flank a fierce and galling fire

Breaks through their line with every deadly ball
And thinned their number, now, alas ! too small.

XXXI.—When, as they turn their chargers to retreat,
As if to make the sacrifice complete,
Upon their flank a mass of lancers rush
With headlong speed, their dauntless foe to crush.
The heroes saw the danger at a glance,
And turn to meet them as they swift advance :
Their horses madly dash o'er heaps of slain,
They hear their fellows call for aid in vain ;
Crushed into earth still as they frantic cry,
Torn by each hoof the wounded soldiers die.
The beating heart, torn from its place, is trod
Into a quivering mass upon the sod,
And naked horror stalks along the plain,
And takes his stand on piles of hoof-trod slain !
The gory ground flies neath the horses feet,
And with a crash the charging columns meet.
Then, with a valour man would scarce believe,
Through hordes of foes their desperate way they cleave,
And, ten to one, the wild unequal strife
Now wages, wild for Glory, Death, or Life !
But O ! disgrace—eternal, damned disgrace !
E'er shroud the Russian nation, name, and face !
For as the struggling mass of foemen sway,
And dripping swords carve out their desperate way,
The Russian gunners load their cannons o'er,
And wildly on the swaying masses pour
A crushing storm of grape, the ranks to rend,
And friend and foe in frightful havoc blend !
Let shame, dishonor, and disgrace remain
On Russian arms, a ne'er-forgotten stain !

XXXII.—With sunken eye, with pale and pallid brow,
Across the Euxine's breast did Oscar plough ;
No pensive thoughts his weary mind oppress,
Excitement only to his soul was rest.
Though oft, in dreams, Ontario's shore he'd tread,
Where blissful visions his young fancy fed,
And all again seemed joyful, bright and fair—
Awoke to find how frightful is despair.
And now he seeks again the warring strife,

And hopes to end at last his dreary life ;
And lone and sad he treads his darksome road,
Without a thought, save death, his mind to goad.
At last he views the bleak and rugged shore,
And hears the guns at Balaklava roar :
Excitement joyous through his bosom bounds,
To hear again those fierce and welcome sounds.
To Balaklava's frightful streets he stray'd,
Appalling scenes on every side survey'd ;
Where wretched victims of some deadly fray,
With wounds neglected on the cold earth lay :
The gloated vermin crawl around each sore,
And maggots wallow in the putrid gore ;
And sickening vapours fill the fetid air,
That oft is rent by groans of black despair:
Swift from the awful scene did Oscar fly,
He closed his ears, and turn'd his sick'n'd eye ;
But still he fled the hideous sight in vain—
At every turn such scenes more awful came.

XXXIII.—And this is war,—man's great and natural
state—

By Heaven sanctioned, and decreed by fate !
Oh ! Earth—Oh ! Christian world—look and behold !
Your dying victims, stiffened, stark, and cold.
Behold ! the glassy eye's accusing stare—
Hear groans of pain and cries of wild despair,
And then declare that this is man's estate—
War, blood, tumult, and carnage are his fate !

XXXIV.—November's murky rains begin to fall,
And mists hang on the earth, a dismal pall ;
The furious winds howl o'er each steppe and height,
And sunless day dissolves in rayless night.
But still the fiends of war unceasing fell,
Still bounds the ball, and screams the flying shell :
Still gory horror stalks along the plain,
And strews the ground with mutilated slain.
Still flows the course of war with swollen tide,
And carnage ends in death what sprung in pride :
The midnight sorties light the noisome air,
And gild the rugged vales with hellish glare,
And shew the forms, like fiends, conflicting there.

Still hoarsely roars the cannon wild and stern ;
Defiant foes as fierce reply return.
Heroic soldiers in the trenches lie,
Earth for a pillow,—for their roof the sky ;
Yet from the ranks no murmuring voice is heard—
They nobly bear each pain, nor raise a word,
Save up to Heaven, for each heavy blow,
That fills their manly hearts with biting woe.

XXXV.—Ah ! sad and mournful theme, a soldier's fate !
What eye can scan his heart, or pen relate ?
The throbs that stir the humble hero's soul,
Directs his being, or his deeds control ?
Proud fortune's minions, ye who idly skim
Life's frothy surface, look ye down on him !
If so, behold ! though linked with poorer fate,
One more than ye—a hero true and great.
Cast off the rotten pride of empty earth,
And own a truthful homage unto worth—
A pride that only makes its owners fools,
That, while they lead, they are themselves but tools :
Nor deem a soldier such a wretched thing,
Who is good as *man* is greater than a king !

XXXVI.—Now through fog, that hangs in heavy folds,
Each bell within the fortress loudly tolls,
Which calls the belted squadrons unto prayer,
And mitred bishops chant the masses there ;
But other sounds soon fill the misty air—
Soon Inkermann re-echoed to the roar
Of deadly rifles, that destructive pour
Upon the startled pickets leaden rain,
And part the fog with sheets of scalding flame.
The bullets up the height now hiss and scream—
Advancing bayonets through the fog are seen.
Still comes the foe, their force but partly known,
And, from their guns, the grinding missiles thrown,
Fall thick as snow, among the startled troops,
As, winged with death, each monster downward swoops.
And then commenced a struggle wild and fierce,
Of which no pen in justice could rehearse.
In semi-darkness furious squadrons fought,
And naught but sounds the anxious senses caught ;
A roar, a tramp, a cheer, a dismal cry,

Or deadly crash of shells exploding nigh ;
Or when the cry to charge sounds hoarsely near,
The crash of bayonets—the exulting cheer :
A quick and steady tramp beats on the ground,
And then the awful, deep, and sickening sound,
When rank meets rank and plunging bayonets smoke
With blood of foemen at each deadly stroke.

XXXVII.—Scarce were the clouds by roaring cannon
rent,

Than Oscar left his cold and irksome tent.
And though his eye of foes could catch no trace,
He heard the tumult gather loud apace.
And to the front, full eager for the fray,
Led by the clash of strife, he took his way ;
And as the battle swell'd more loud and fast,
He felt that awful day would be his last.
Through darkness, fog, and rain he quickly sped,
By deafening bursts of cannon onward led ;
And storms of bullets whistling round him flew,
Which foes unseen with certain vengeance threw.
And wild the work of carnage round him spread,
Which piled the earth with torn and shatter'd dead.
Amid a tangled brushwood now he hies,
Around his head the crushing whirlwind flies ;
He hears before him now a crash of steel,
And sees but half distinct the squadrons reel.
He sees the foemen swift return their blows,
And sheets of flame around him wildly flows.
He hears, he feels, he sees but little more,
But, with his feet clogged by the streaming gore,
He dashes fiercely on the nearest foe,
And soon beneath his feet he laid him low.
And madly round his head the sabres flash,
Or round his form in fierce encounter clash ;
Down from his sabre's hilt the smoking blood
Now bathes his hand with an ensanguined flood.
The foes, like fiends, upon each other spring,
Or, breast to breast in deadly struggles cling.
Upon the earth they now no longer tread,
But urge the conflict over heaps of dead ;
They crush their bleeding victims 'neath their feet,
As on they rush, another foe to meet.
The gleaming bayonets seem like livid fire,
To cut the masses with a fiendish ire,

As swift they dive into life's inmost core,
And then return hot reeking with its gore.
Now in the midst would drop a bursting shell,
Drown'd groans and cries in one tumultuous yell:
Still "charge!" and "charge" again, the constant cry,
As rank on rank, thrown on each other, die.
No eye can pierce the dim and awful gloom,
Vibrating ever to the hideous boom
Of carnage, tumult, and despairing cries,
That swell from earth and rend the very skies!

XXXVIII.—One who at Oscar's side had fought right well,

Pierced by a bayonet, staggered o'er and fell;
And, not content was he who slew his foe,
But as he falls he thrice repeats the blow.
Soon Oscar cleaves the wretch's head in twain,
And lifts his sabre hot from out the brain;
While to revenge the blow, another flies,
And soon across his comrade's form he dies.
The air resounds to one infernal crash,
Of bursting shells, and steel's more ghastly clash.
From desperate charge to still more desperate fray,
Amid the gloom did Oscar cleave his way;
By foes surrounded now he stands alone,
And hostile bayonets thickly round him shone:
He sends the nearest headlong to the ground,
While still more closely press the bayonets round.
His sabre dances wildly o'er his head—
At every blow he lays a foeman dead;
Until his blade, so long and sternly tried,
Broke at the hilt, falls useless by his side.
And then a flash of bayonets pierce his form,
And bullets rend his breast with frightful storm.
Thus falling to the earth, he scarcely sighs—
Without a groan, without a pain he dies.
At last did gracious heaven hear his prayer,
And gave in death that peace denied him here:

XXXIX.—The Russians have retired—the battle's o'er,
The earth is piled with slain, and drenched with gore;
And gory bodies, heaped in thousands, lay
Upon the earth, a hideous sight that day.
'Twas long ere Oscar's shattered form was found,
Amid a pile of slain that hid the ground:

A man in quest of plunder near him stray'd,
And saw a locket on his breast display'd.
But in the centre, where was once portray'd
The charms of her he lived but to adore,
Was filled by the last drops of gushing gore ;
For through the picture pass'd, amid the strife,
The fatal ball that robbed him of his life.
Alone he sleeps beneath a desert mound,
No mourning friend treads on the blood-stained ground ;
Deep in a silent dell his lonely tomb
Is hid from human eye, in cheerless gloom.
In earth, by stranger hands, unheeding laid,
Calm be his rest—Peace unto his shade !



FUGITIVE PIECES.

DEDICATION.

My heart dictates this humble wreath,
My pen inscribes it to thy name—
The feelings of a soul 't will breathe,
Whose love and life is wholly thine.

Upon its pages thou canst read
The thoughts that stir within my mind—
Map of my heart, behold it spread,
And view the secrets here enshrined.

And if it pleases thee, sweet maid,
My first great object then is won ;
And, like my love, 't will never fade,
But tell its depth when I am gone.

Receive the tribute, then, but ne'er
Forget the one who gives—
Within thy heart breathe but a pray'r
For one who only for thee lives !

THERE IS A NAME.

There is a name that wakes my heart,
And stirs my inmost soul—
A love that holds my being's part
In bonds of sweet control :
And even were it in my power
Those silky bonds to sever,
I'd weave them closer every hour,
That they might bind forever !

And as each tender cord would cling,
 And closer 'round my heart entwine,
 I'd hold the chain the sweetest thing
 That bound my captive soul to thine !
 Oh ! could I bare this heart of mine,
 That you might read its inmost folds,
 And see the not unworthy shrine,
 Raised to the idol that it holds !

A SOLDIER'S ONE REQUEST.

" This day I complete my seventeenth year."

If we must go, dear Farran,
 To where War's echoes ring,
 In the name of Friendship's holy tie,
 I ask one only thing.
 If, in the midst of battle,
 I should a victim fall,
 You'll bear the tidings home to those
 I loved the best of all.

You know far in the distant West,
 A home I ne'er forget ;
 Where the dearest ties that God e'er gave,
 May cherish my name yet.
 And when you have returned,
 Go quickly and them tell :
 " Whatever his faults before may be,
 He like a soldier fell !"

Bid them not weep, or shed a tear ;
 Oh no ! I ask it not :
 I'd die, as every soldier should—
 My name without a blot.
 Do only this, my dearest friend,
 And, with my latest breath,
 The proudest throb my soul would feel,
 To die a soldier's death !

I've watched the dreamy moon
 Rise over the silvery sea,
 As oft I checked the tortured sigh,
 Throbs there no heart for me !

Then let me die, I care not how—
Unknown, unwept, my doom,
The heavens alone shall weep upon
A soldier's lonely tomb!

TO A LADY.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A FLOWER.

Thou hast placed it on thy bosom,
That flower sweet and fair ;
And, nursed upon thy beating heart,
It droops and dieth there.
See how its lovely petals drop,
The leaves close in, it dies,
As, pillowed on thy snowy breast,
The ensanguined tears it dries.

Like to the heart of him who gave
That flower unto thee,
'T is withered in its living grave,
In cold and blank decay.
Oh ! would I could my feelings tell,
But language is too cold ;
They are smothered here—and it is well—
They never could be told.

Oh ! would I could, like that lone flower,
Rest on that hallowed spot,
I'd pass a life-time in an hour,
In bliss that earth knows not.
Then keep it ever, beauteous maid,
And cast it not from thee ;
So would I live, so would I die,
'T is the memory then of me.

And when I'm gone, perhaps forgot,
Look on its withered leaves ;
My soul will hover round it then,
As it now within it breathes.

TO A WILD FLOWER.

Sweet, simple, beauteous flower,
 Unknown, uncared, unsought,
 Hid by the weeds around,
 That know thy beauties not.
 Thy nectar, cool and sweet,
 The honied bee has chosen ;
 From thee the venom'd wasp
 Will suck as deep a poison.

Of all the flowers of earth,
 That round our pathway bloom,
 Or waste on wanton winds,
 Their fragrance and perfume ;
 This flower, above all others,
 To me is doubly dear ;
 It gave me hope and pleasure,
 I dare not mention here.

And like unto that love,
 Unheeded all its wealth ;
 Uncared, condemned to live,
 E'en that is gained by stealth :
 Or rudely plucked from earth,
 To please, perhaps, beauty's eye,
 Then coldly cast aside,
 To wither and to die !

THE VISION OF THE PAST.

While lonely here I wander,
 And view each beauty o'er,
 On that lovely form I ponder,—
 I may see it never more.
 I think, and think, and ev'ry thought
 Makes me happy while 't will last ;
 Till mem'ry brings the chilling words—
 'Tis numbered in the past.

As when that happy time I saw,
 And in silent wonder gazed,
 Thy lovely form seemed not of earth—
 Too good for mortal ways.

'Tis strange—yet though it gives me hope,
On the darker future cast ;
That vision sweet may come again,
Tho' numbered in the past.

But who knows what, in time to come,
Good fortune may betide,
And to the shrine of Fame and Love,
My wandering steps may guide ;
And then look back when at the end,
The summit gained at last ;
A star through all my wanderings—
That vision sweet, though past !

BRIGHT, BRIGHT.

Bright, bright are the waters of Burlington bay,
And bright are the scenes that surround it ;
But brighter by far when the moon's melting ray,
Gilds the mountain that looms high above it !

Where the dark waving forest sweeps down to its verge,
Dips their limbs in its murmuring stream ;
And the night-bird's low note seems to warble a dirge
O'er the past, and its mystical dream.

But sweeter than all is this one hallowed spot,
With the past so closely entwined,
That wherever on earth may fate cast my lot,
With remembrance 'tis fondly enshrined.

ON PARTING.

Why dash the cup of bliss aside,
Ere scarce my lips had tasted ?
What envious fate has thus denied—
The treasures that's now wasted ?

The sun must cease to roll on high,
The moon and stars to shine ;
Before that all this world could do—
Would part my soul from thine !

Though hope, sweet hope, may leave my breast,
And heaven deny the prayer ;
Or earth combined forbid me rest,
Will but make thee still more dear !

And must we part thus soon,
Ere scarce I know the bliss
Of hours that fled too fast,
And led too quick to this ?

But no—to part—the word is ill ;
My soul will be with thee,
To whisper, fond and truthful still,
The love that's felt by me !

ON RETURNING HOME.

Again I stand upon the lawn,
Where oft I stood before ;
In youth's first spring and early morn,
I passed each pleasant hour
The shumach there has taller grown—
The locust rears its head
Higher than in days of yore,
Above its grassy bed.

The flowers still are bright and fair—
The wild-bird's note the same
As when I left them, long ago,
To seek for gold and fame :
The honeysuckle spreads its wreath—
Of perfume on the air,
The cooling vine still gives its shade ;
The change is where, Oh ! where ?

'Tis here—I feel it in my heart,
Though all around's the same ;
Like brighter days it will depart—
A half-forgotten dream.
Then why should I, remaining here,
Brood o'er what's past and gone ?
An object there's in every life,
And mine's a glorious one !

S T A N Z A S.

The home of my heart, where my dear mother dwelt,
I see now through memory's eye ;
As oft at her knee, in childhood, I knelt,
The thought of it brings forth a sigh.

On a green mossy bank, by Burlington's waters,
She peacefully lies at rest ;
She hears not the sound of the waves or their thunders,
Her soul mingles now with the blest.

I have trod over mountains, and rode o'er the ocean.
And heard the fierce hurricane roar ;
And turned with a tear of love and devotion,
To the home I might visit no more.

The world may prove false, and friends may desert me,
Be forgotten, unknown, and oppressed ;
In my soul I will find the sweet balm of remembrance.
The present be forgot in the past !

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING ASKED BY A LADY IF HE WOULD WRITE FOR HER.

Oh ! yes, dear girl. I'd happy be,
If I could pass each day,
In writing of thy charms to those
Who never knew their sway :
To tell them of thy graces sweet,
By all who see admired ;
To write upon a theme like this,
My pen would grow inspired.

The beauties of thy form, alone
Might win a lover's heart,
But when compared unto thy mind,
'T would be the lesser part :
And every line my pen would trace,
To one so sweet and fair,
Would echo in my heart, and place
Thy form for ever there.

LINES TO * * * *

When dismal night its mantle drops
 Upon this earth below,
 I wander to that happy spot,
 Where oft we used to go,
 And there I watch the waters dark
 Dance on beneath my feet,
 Or listen to the tall trees moan,
 When ruthless whirlwinds meet.

And when I rest upon that spot,
 I fondly think on thee ;
 Oh ! tell me if thy bosom has
 One only thought of me.
 What is there I'd not freely give
 For the wealth of such a thought ?
 All the riches of this wide world,
 And think it cheaply bought.

ON BEING ASKED, "IS THERE A GOD?"

Wouldst thou have an answer
 Unto those meaning words ?
 You have it in the warble
 Of yonder forest birds ;
 Or on the sounding shore,
 Ask the waves that past there flow,
 And, in their hollow murmurings,
 They answer as they go.

Or ask it in the storm,
 When lightnings 'round thee flame,
 And, with a tongue of scathing fire,
 Their answer is the same.
 'Tis answered by the wind,
 That whistle round thy head,—
 'Tis answered by the graves
 Of the cold and voiceless dead.

'Tis answered in the forest,
 'Tis answered on the plain ;

In calm, as well as storm,
The answer is the same.
'Tis answered in man's birth—
'Tis answered in his rise—
'Tis answered in his age—
'Tis answered when he dies !

LINES.

How bleak and drear is this cold life
How cold and cheerless every turn ;
With woes and trouble ever rife—
How for a change my heart doth burn !
As tost upon life's troubled sea,
From place to place I roam,
Through every clime I turn to thee,
My dear Canadian home !

A trusty friend is hard to find.—
Oh ! that I've fully proved ;
A heart that never grows unkind,—
By sorrows never moved.
Oh ! for a friend that I could trust :
A heart I could confide in ;
To lay my head upon a breast
I knew there was no guile in.

'Tis all I wish, I ask no more,
For wealth I never pray ;
My soul would then no higher soar.
But in peace 't would pass away !

A FRIEND.

At last I found what oft I sought—
A friend—endearing name !
Reverse to him was ever naught ;
He has ever proved the same.
How sweet it is to have a friend,—
A heart that you can trust ;
To bind in friendship's loving band,
How happy ! Oh ! how blest !

When deserted by each loving soul,
 Forgotten and forlorn,
 Not one to cheer your lonely lot,
 Neglected and unknown;
 How dear to find a faithful breast,
 When the false have taken flight;
 In the shade of friendship's shrine to rest,
 And think you're not forgotten quite!

F A R E W E L L .

Farewell, father—regrets are useless;
 Fain would I recall the past—
 That stern look my young heart freezes,
 Let thy child not leave thee thus!
 Forget not her who bade thee cherish,
 Nurse, and love her darling boy;
 If for thee, I'd gladly perish,
 'Twere happiness for me to die.

Farewell, brother—turn not coldly
 From a heart that loves thee dear;
 On my memory you may dwell fondly,
 When all are gone and I'm not near.
 Think on the time when we together
 Talked of future happiness;
 Then there was naught our hearts to sever—
 With peace our happy lot was blest.

Farewell, sister—dry those tears,
 Let not my parting grieve thee thus;
 Thy anxious heart is full of fears,
 With loads of woe my own will burst.

* * * * *
 But makes more drear my hapless lot,
 But yet my soul will hover near,
 Breathing fond—forget me not!

I'll bear her with me, her that's dearest,
 She'll not forsake her lonely child;
 Her happy soul will hover nearest,
 The world's rude shocks she will beguile.

Farewell, thou mound of senseless clay,
 To thee I ne'er may kneel so near ;
 I leave for scenes, far, far away,
 But all I love lies buried here !

LINES TO * * * *

Thou hast not gold nor lands to claim,
 Nor hast thou much of worldly store ;
 Thou hast a pure unsullied name,
 No manly heart could wish for more.
 And thou hast beauty fair and pure,
 But that will not forever last ;
 But love and virtue will endure,
 When beauty's witching charms are past.

If thou hadst gold and proud estate,
 And diamonds sparkled on thy brow,
 Thou wouldst have plenty at thy feet,
 And lovers full many 'round thee bow.
 There may be some by motives drawn,
 Attracted only by the eye ;
 But gold shares not thy beauty's throne,—
 Then worldly man goes heedless by.

Believe a lay, severe, but true,
 From one who studies world and man ;
 Unnoticed, all these actions view,
 And motives deep and hidden scan.
 Think thou the world not all as bright
 As thy young heart might fain believe,
 I would not life's first blossoms blight,
 Nor would my pen wish to deceive.

LITTLE FREDDY.

Little Freddy—happy child !
 Innocence stamped on thy brow ;
 All on earth I'd freely give
 To be one hour as thou art now :
 Or only one short moment have
 Of innocence like thine—
 To be once more my " Father's Boy,"
 What happiness were mine !

Fair and rosy, dimpled cheeks,
Those golden curls of hair ;
The joyous smile around those lips,
So pouting, rich and fair.
Those swimming eyes a depth contains,
So lustrous, large and bright ;
That forehead, broad and fair, proclaims
A mind of future might.

O ! purest, sweetest time of life !
And swiftest passed away ;
Unknown to care or worldly strife—
A dream of early day !
Dear child, as thou art now
Must every mortal be ;
The darkest man on earth was once
As innocent as thee !

Oh ! Freddy, if you only knew
The world of anxious care
You give Papa, you love so well,
And to your Mother dear ?
If you could now appreciate
The wealth of Mother's love—
'Tis the holiest feeling of the heart,
That's given by Heaven above !

Not all a child can do on earth
Could ever back repay
The truthfulness of Mother's love,
In any single way !
She was the first that smiled on thee,
When thou first saw the light ;
She was the one that watched o'er thee
Through many a weary night.

Upon that breast she nestled thee,
When sickness made her fear ;
Upon that heart she shielded thee,
When death seemed hovering near.
She shared with thee thy every joy,
Thy pleasure and thy pain ;
Her love for thee had no alloy,
No tongue can give it name !

And I had once a mother too,
 But knew not all her worth,
 Till death had robbed me of a boon
 That's found but once on earth.
 You may wander where you will,
 And pleasure seek in vain,
 But you will sigh for that fond love,
 You ne'er will know again.

O! may you live for many years,
 And feel what God hath given—
 Strive to repay a mother's tears,
 Now registered in Heaven!
 Be thou her staff and pride in age,
 When time its work has done:
 As bright a wreath as you can win
 Is to be a worthy son!

ONTARIO'S WATERS.

Ontario's waters flow sadly and coldly,
 And bright is its shell-covered shore;
 As I stray on its bank, sweet memory, fondly
 Brings the vision of her I adore.

And oft as I gaze on its unruffled breast,
 When zephyrs skim light o'er its wave,
 I feel thou'rt near—in that feeling I'm blest—
 'Tis a beacon that shines out to save.

And the waves that flow on in their slumbers,
 Reposing, the deep waters seem
 To breathe thy dear name in their murmurs,
 And enwrap thy bright form in their gleam.

TO * * * *

Dost think I can forget
 That time so dear to me?
 Or dost thou e'er regret
 What fate decreed should be?

No, memory alone
 The flowers of thought retains ;
 Remembrance holds it sweet,
 Though naught but it remains.

Thoughts in my bosom rife,
 Can ne'er forget the past,
 'Twas the brightest hour of life,
 Perhaps of such the last !

ONE THOUGHT.

I have passed through scenes of strife,
 Through storm by sea and land ;
 To meet death boldly, " knife to knife,"
 I proudly took my stand.
 Then I looked calm and cold on death,
 Nor cared how soon 't wo'd come ;
 To yield a hated, burthened breath,
 Were happiness unknown.

No being yet e'er lived on earth,
 A victim to dark fate,
 Whose life was troubles from his birth,
 But had this one thought left.
 In his bleak and dark career.
 Some bright or joyous scene ;
 In thought he brings that past time near—
 His bosom's fondest theme.

Thus think I on the feelings past,
 To my bosom ever dear ;
 Nor care I where my lot is cast—
 That one bright thought is here !

TO * * *

Beautiful creature !
 So bright and so fair,
 I dream of the past,
 And think thou 'rt near.

If the blood of this heart
Could ease thee a pain,
How soon 'two'd be given
To blot out the stain.

I have passed o'er this earth,
For happiness sighed ;
But now I have found
What before was denied.
At a shrine so holy,
So pure and so bright,
A clear morn arises
From the darkness of night !

To thee my heart clings ;
Then bid me not go—
The love of this bosom
You only can know.
And if in thy bosom
I hold but a place,
The feeling you render
I will never disgrace :
But clear as the beauty
That sits on thy brow,
My heart will be faithful
Forever as now !

Afar in the east,
Alone, and from man,
I've strayed 'neath the rays
Of the moon, pale and wan.
Like an angel of peace
You rose in my heart.
Soothing the venom
Of the world's poisoned dart.

And deep in my bosom
Thy image was cherished ;
My love would not die,
If e'en I had perished.
But proud in the feeling,
From vile earth set free,
'Two'd hover around
And keep watch over thee !

Thou wert the star in the west,
 For which my heart burned ;
 Ever wandering from others,
 To thee constant it turned !
 As bright as an angel,
 Of virtue the gem ;
 Too pure and too holy,
 To herd among men.

You may meet with a being
 Whose form is more bright ;
 But not with a creature
 Whose love has more might
 Than he who adores
 The sound of thy name—
 The pride of my life,
 My guide unto Fame !

LINES.

I love to watch the heaving sea,
 When pillowed on its breast,
 When all around is calm and clear,
 In cold and murmuring rest.

I love to watch it in the storm,
 When lightnings dance and thunders roll ;
 To hear the whistling whirlwinds screech
 Is music sweet to my troubled soul.

I love it in the storm or calm,
 In either way I find delight ;
 For I know an Almighty hand has blest,
 And made it only for the right.

A RETROSPECT TO * * * *

The flowers have all faded,
 That once were bright and fair ;
 The trees look bleak and jaded.
 That bloomed when thou wert here.

The wild bird's song no longer
Comes sweetly through the vale ;
But autumn winds blow stronger.
Departed summer's wail.

The night is cold and dreary,
The moon shines not on high—
That shone so bright and clearly,
When thy dear form was nigh.

The waters now rush madly,
And leaping to the shore ;
That whispered once so gladly,
Gives now a sullen roar.

And see the ghastly pall
Of winter cold is here ;
The silent snow-flakes fall,
And all is bleak and drear.

But as sweet will spring arise
From out old winter's tomb,
And perfume wreath the skies,
And flowers sweet will bloom.

But they can bring to me no joy—
The beautiful and fair—
The brightest scene would have alloy.
If thou wert not to share !

WRITTEN ON THE MARCH.

Coldly shine the stars of night,
All around is calm and still ;
See the moon, so clear and bright,
Reflected by the bubbling rill.

Rolling o'er the distant mountain,
Upwards through the silent brake,
Hiding vale, and stream, and fountain,
Come the vapours from the lake.

Hear the blood-hound's distant barking
Comes upon the stilly air ;
There the wolf's gaunt form is lurking
'Neath the cover of his lair.

He is waiting for the hour
When he can from his cover steal ;
'Mid scenes of blood he'll soon devour,
And gloat upon his hideous meal.

What is that sound that swell so loudly ?
Over hill and vale it floats—
Onward ! soldiers—follow proudly—
'Tis the bugle's thrilling notes !

From the trenches deep and muddy,
See the screeching rocket fly ;
From a scene so dark and bloody.
'Tis lost amid the starry sky.

It is the signal on to glory—
It is the signal on to death—
On the battle-field, so gory.
I shall proudly yield my breath.

Then farewell, earth, and all thy beauty,
I must to the carnage hie ;
A soldier's glory is his duty—
Amid the foe then let me die !

LINES.

Though I may touch the lyre of love,
And tell my thoughts in poetry,
The inspired strain comes from above,
And breathes in sweetest harmony.
A poet's feelings, thoughts, and aims
Through future ages still will live ;
A higher recompense it claims
Than gold or honors e'er could give.

And when the brain that coin'd each thought—
The lips that spoke them, lost from earth,

The glorious visions his fancy caught,
 Remains his monument of worth :
 And when cold Death has grasp'd the hand
 That wrote such soul-inspiring lays,
 His fadeless wreath of fame will stand,
 And live a life of endless days.

His mother-land, too, may be gone,
 And no longer on the world be found,
 But his living lays of deathless song
 Will, through nations yet unborn, resound !
 Kings will rise, and thrones will fall ;
 The world forget the warrior's name—
 Time, that hides their glories all,
 But makes more bright the poet's fame !

O ! I would be a poet, too.
 And wreath my thoughts in flowing rhyme,
 That future worlds, with pride, might view
 My ambition that is wholly thine !
 And when this glorious wreath I've won,
 Not on my brow alone 't will rest,
 But blend our memories both in one,
 And in my lays live ages blest !

I LOVED THEE.

I loved thee * * * long before
 I met or spoke to thee ;
 For thy dear form in dreams of yore
 Has oftentimes come to me.

When oft the weary night march o'er,
 I sought a cold repose,
 Thy vision bright came sweetly o'er
 My moistened eyes to close.

saw thee when calm moonlight
 Shone on my sentry beat ;
 And oft I sought, by cheerless night,
 The form I loved to meet.

loved thee—yes, I loved thee ;
 My love no one can know—

As an angel I have loved thee,
As an angel love thee now.

I loved thee, deeply loved thee,
In fate's bleak, darkest night;
When fortune seemed to shun me,
And every hope to blight.

I loved thee, dearly loved thee,
My love could ne'er be told;
Nor thought that earth so dreary,
So sweet a flower could hold.

I live and love for thee alone;
Through love breath every breathe:
My proudest thought is thine alone—
To lose that love were death!

A FRAGMENT.

The sun amid the lurid clouds
Is quickly now descending;
While in the east night's gloomy shrouds
In darkness are arising.
And from Ontario's bosom deep,
The orb of night ascending,
While with the water's seeming sleep,
Her holy light is blending.

I've seen that same bright, glorious sun
Gild St. Sophia's dome;
And with his slow, departing beams
My soul was wafted home.
And thou, sweet moon, how oft I gazed
With love upon thy rays,
That in my heart the phantom raised,
Of once bright—happy days!

* * * * *

MUST THE SUNBEAM.

Must the sunbeam that gladdened this heart
Forever from out it be driven?

Must the hope of my life now depart,
And the shrine of its idol be riven ?

Must the hopes that so fondly I cherished
In coldness and gloom be dispelled ?
Can this bosom be deadened and calloused
To feelings most sacred once held ?

Must the chord most vital to life
From this bosom forever be torn ?
And over the feelings once rife,
In darkness and silence to mourn ?

Must a smile spread over this brow
When the worm is gnawing the brain ?
And the heart be consuming as now,
By the deep devouring flame ?

Oh ! no ; though the hope may be fled,
Through life I never can change ;
And the flame in the shrine become dead,
It can never the idol estrange !

To tear out those feelings, Oh ! never,
Till the pulse of this heart will be stilled—
My soul and my love can ne'er sever
Till my deep cup old Time will have filled !

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

When some thoughts, deeply hid in the mind,
To hide it still deeper we try ;
Though the tongue may not speak it, we find
'Tis told by a glance of the eye.

When some passion our bosom may hold,
Though hid in the deepest recess,
By a look of the eye it is told,
In volumes no tongue could express.

Anger, most wild and most fierce,
The nerves for a moment may chain,
'Tis then that the eye will rehearse
The thoughts that rush mad through the brain.

When a tale of deep love we would breathe,
And words are too cold for a choice,
Our feelings the eye then will wreath
With a mute and eloquent voice.

'Twas the bright eyes of Laura that won
Of Petrarch, the poet love-lorn,
Those strains that for ages have rung
The tale of a love Heaven-born.

There's a charm in the melting blue eye
Of feelings most pure and refined ;
But give me the brilliant dark eye,
With soul, energy, love there combined.

How sweet in the eye 'tis to gaze,
That we love, and know they return
The fervour that dart forth the rays
From the flame that our bosom may burn.

'Tis then our wrapt spirits unite,
And visions celestial arise ;
And, borne on Love's wings, we take flight
To the haven of love in the skies.

TRUE LOVE.

Now Winter's bleak frosts have covered the earth,
And beauty and verdure lie buried in snow ;
And festive we gather around the bright hearth,
With friends that we love, in its mellowing glow.

The winds sadly whisper ; without all is dark—
The trees, like dim giants, stand gloomy and tall ;
And over their limbs, white, glistening, and stark,
Cold Winter has thrown his drear icy pall.

Far, far in the forest, forgotten, unknown,
Where none can disturb sweet innocence, rest ;
In the silence and gloom of the wild wood alone,
Lies beauty, the fairest this earth ever blest.

Along through the snow-drift a foot-print is seen—
A mark on the grave where some mourner hath knelt,
E'er each following night has closed o'er the scene,
Through summer or winter a pilgrim hath wept.

When twilight's deep shadows have covered the glen,
Like a spectre he's seen to wander around ;
He noiselessly glides through the forest, and then
He prays the long night o'er the ice-covered mound.

Though death's cold embrace those fond hearts did
sever,
He never could quench deep true love's bright flame:
But now they're united in Heaven forever—
Though long he had parted, he weds them again !

WRITTEN ON FIRST SEEING IRELAND.

Sweet land of my fathers. the wanderer greets thee ;
The cradle of heroes. of love, and of song ;
Though sad is the tale that ages have taught thee,
Bright visions of glory thy memory throng.

'Tis the first time I view thee ; perhaps never more
Will I hail the bright emerald star of the sea ;
Although I may never again press thy shore,
As a vision of beauty I'll think oft on thee.

Then hail thee, sweet Erin ! though a stranger I stand
On the hearth-stone my fathers died to defend ;
Or, exiles, have wandered in a far distant land,
And died unregretted by kindred or friend.

Though slavery's chain hath bound thee to sorrow,
The day-star of hope shines bright in the west ;
It points to a better and glorious to-morrow,
When thou wilt be happy, free, honor'd and blest.

Though millions have bled and died to defend thee,
Thou wert still doomed to live through the worst,
Till the fetters that centuries long had entwined thee,
By bloody tears rusted forever will burst !

Then hail to the land whose faith never yielded,
 But braved all the storms of bigotry's ire ;
 Nor all the dark engines persecution e'er wielded
 Could ever extinguish thy religion's fire !

No land on this wide world hath ever before
 Placed names like thy sons in the temple of fame ;
 No nation such poets or heroes e'er bore
 As oppressed and down-trodden poor Erin can claim !

Then farewell, sweet Erin ; though lone and forsaken,
 Thy children, though parted, can never forget ;
 The sound of thy name a thrill will awaken,
 Of hope for thy future—for thy past a regret !

NORTH CHANNEL, July, 1856.

AFFECTION.

This world would be a dreary waste,
 Were it not for those sweet flowers
 That, when affliction comes, we taste—
 In memory, joys once ours.

When tears of love are o'ershed—
 When nursed by kindly hands—
 The tender plant then rears its head,
 Affection grows and stands.

But oh ! how hard it is to find
 That those we love have changed ;
 To whom our hearts were ever kind,
 Turned selfish, cold, estranged :

To feel each tender chord of love
 Break at each cold neglect ;
 To hear our name no longer wove
 With affection or respect :

To find those ever we believed
 Confiding, generous, true,
 Throw off the mask that once deceived
 And bare them to our view:

And see that selfishness controls
Where love and candour dwelt ;
The worst of sins that part our souls—
The basest man e'er felt!

ON SEEING A WRECK.

I have seen the stormy billow
Toss high the broken wreck ;
As the furious waters rolled
Athwart her parting deck.
I saw her brave hearts sink
Beneath the roaring wave ;
I heard their call for help,
Without a hand to save.

As the howling tempest swept
O'er their devoted heads,
The un pitying waters bore them
To their last cold shroudless beds.
And when my eye could trace
Their struggling forms no more,
I heard the stormwinds howl
And the thunders louder roar.

I looked on our own deck—
A breathless crowd was there ;
They thought how soon that we
A grave alike might share.
No tear would fall upon our grave,
No friend would mourn above ;
As deep we'd sleep beneath the wave,
So far from those we love.

Many a mother fond will wait
Her absent child's return ;
Till time will tell his gloomy fate,
And bid her still to mourn.
The wife, with anxious eye, will gaze
On the ocean cold and bare ;
For him that for herself alone
Did all its dangers dare.



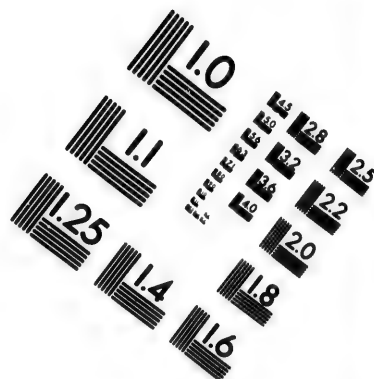
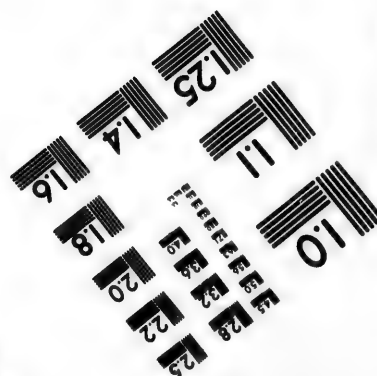
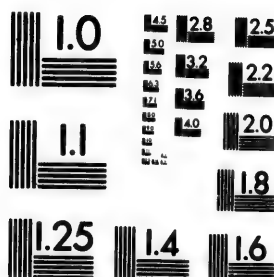


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A collection of resolution test charts, each featuring a set of parallel lines (horizontal and vertical) and a numerical value indicating the resolution. The values shown include 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, and 6.3.

The maiden, too, with tear-dimm'd eye,
Will look the sea in vain
For him who never will return,
Her plighted troth to claim.
But time will blot him from her heart,
When other swains grow kind ;
And, coldly pitying, will forget,
And soon another find !

A DREAM.

The night was cold, and damp, and chill—
The most dreary we had met—
When the picket laid them down to rest,
In their blankets cold and wet.
We wrapp'd our great coats round our forms,
So numbed with cold and rain,
Our heavy eyelids closed in hope
An hour's sleep to gain.

Our knapsacks laid beneath our heads,
Our rifles tightly clasp'd,
Perhaps that sleep we yielded to
Might be our long and last.
Those who have shared a soldier's fate,
Through scenes of pain and woe,
The thankfulness of our worn hearts
For that cold rest may know.

And there I dreamt a happy dream,
I thought the war was o'er ;
In fancy I again did seem
To walk Ontario's shore.
The rippling waves danced smiling on,
All joyous seemed the earth,
As the soft winds gently bore along
The wild-bird's song of mirth.

My heart beat with emotion then
It had not known so long,
As I listened to the water's voice
That at my feet rolled on.

And I felt glad and joyous too,
 And happy seemed once more—
 My heart felt lighter then than e'er
 It ever had before.

And I was welcomed home by those
 The dearest still to me ;
 Methinks in this cold guard-room now
 Those fond ones still I see.
 I told them of the dangers
 In which I oft had been,
 And I told them of the wonders
 That in distant lands I'd seen.

I wept with joy ; and as the tears
 Rolled off my care-worn face,
 I heard the echoing bugle sound,
 That called me to my place.
 I rose and shook my palsied limbs—
 I heard the night winds scream—
 O ! could that happy scene, Alas !
 Be but a fleeting dream !

And all along, through that drear night,
 We marched o'er bog and moor ;
 But that bright dream, too sweet for truth,
 Did my weary heart allure !

LINES.

In many distant lands I've been,
 And the fairest of their daughters seen ;
 The houris, famed in poet's lays,
 Could no feeling in my bosom raise,
 Save wonder for the beauty given,
 That raised them to Mahomet's heaven ;
 Italian maids I did admire,
 But they could ne'er my heart inspire.

Nor Grecian classic maidens bright
 Could ever give to me delight ;
 Nor Spanish girls, whose native grace
 Combines their beauty—form and face ;

Nor England's beauties e'er could move
 Within my heart a thought of love :
 Their love is naught but woman's wile—
 Cold selfishness and heartless guile.

What oft I sought I ne'er will gain,
 I found, alas ! 'twas all in vain ;
 Since even love is selfish now,
 And all before great Mammon bow.
 In modern times it is a sin
 To love, or even try to win ;
 Greatness of soul—power of mind—
 Are vain when gold stands not behind !

THE GRAVE OF POOR NED.

Cold, bleak and bare, this desert hill—
 No tree no stone arise,
 To mark the spot where lies
 As true a heart as ever beat
 Beneath those gloomy skies.

The dreary wind sweeps sadly o'er
 This lone and barren spot,
 Where it has been thy lot
 To rest thy wearied head alone—
 By man remembered not.

Thou who wert once our greatest boast,
 Our honour and our pride,
 Nobly for us you died !
 We buried thee on this bleak hill—
 Of a soldier's grave denied !

We leave thee in a stranger's land—
 We sadly leave thee here
 With memory's tribute tear ;
 But this dark scene will oftimes come,
 And, by thought conjured, appear.

We go back to our distant home,—
 That home you loved so well,
 But who the tale can tell ;
 Or whisper to a mother fond
 Her darling's funeral knell !

LINES ON CANADA.

WRITTEN ON THE VOYAGE BETWEEN LIVERPOOL & QUEBEC.

I'm out upon the stormy sea,
Where breakers round me rave ;
Perhaps the waves I love to see
May prove for me a grave.
I've wandered over many lands,
And many a sunny clime ;
No spicy gales, nor golden sands,
Have charms to equal thine.

Though she can boast no ancient fame,
Her annals are rich, tho' brief—
Polluted ne'er by slavery's chain
Was her bright emerald wreath.
Her hills are green, her forest wide ;
Her sons are brave and true,
And by her rights they will abide,
With a future bright in view.

Give me her snow-clad icy hills,
And sleety winter blast ;
Give me her frozen foaming rills,
No land can thee surpass ;
Through her boundless forests wild
Again I'll wander o'er !
The scenes I loved to watch, a child,
With pride I'll view once more.

I love to hear the forest speak
In deep mysterious tones ;
There's music in the tall tree's creak,
When the tempest round them blows.
They whisper of the friends now gone,
Of pleasures that are past ;
Like dreams they vanish one by one—
" Too beautiful to last !"

DEAD MARCH.

Honor and glory
Be to a soldier's name !

Who lives as a soldier
 In death bears no stain !
 From his comrades a tear
 Drops for his fall ;
 His faults are all covered
 By a soldier's pall !

In peace let him rest—
 A comrade breathes the prayer,
 For the cause that unites us
 To each other makes us dear !
 Bear him onward ;
 That sword he used so well
 Of the foe ! of the foe !
 A bloody tale could tell.

The sword was his trade,
 His glory and his pride ;
 By the sword has he lived—
 By the sword has he died !
 Bear him upward,
 That the world's searching eye
 Can see, as he lived,
 A soldier can die !

LINES.

Why feels my heart this anxious longing !
 From whence those sighs that rend my breast ?
 What jarring thoughts my bosom thronging,
 That robs my pillow of its rest ?

Why joy, and hope, and fear succeeding,
 Run riot through my madden'd brain ?
 Why swells my heart—its bounds exceeding,
 With pleasure wild—exquisite pain ?

A vision bright is e'er before me,
 In dreams it comes an angel fair ;
 With love it seems to hover o'er me ;
 In my heart 't is ever present there.

But Ah ! my heart, thy love is hopeless !
 Then hide it in thy deep recess ;

Conceal a flame, though ardent, aimless,
And each aspiring thought repress.

Live in the past, 'tis all that's left thee,
Behold in dreams what fate denies,
Since hope's dear pleasures are bereft thee—
Till from this earth thou shalt arise.

Within though fiercely burn those fires,
And crushed the aching, throbbing sigh,
Keep hidden all those fond desires,
Till kindred souls shall meet on high!

IN THE HEAVENLY GARDENS OF LIGHT.

In the heavenly gardens of light,
Where beauty and love never fade,
In the regions of endless delight,
Grew a flower in beauty arrayed.

'Twas a fair and beautiful flower,
And meet for the regions of day,
Where grim death's arm hath no power—
Where the beautiful ne'er can decay.

As a pledge of his love it was sent
To this earth's dark wearied clime;
From Paradise gardens but lent,
To bloom here below for a time.

This flower, too pure and too fair,
Though shielded by love and by pride;
Though nursed by affectionate care;
Too good for this rude world, it died.

In its beauty it sank from the view;
By angels 't was wafted on high,
And laid on the spot where it grew;
It blooms now where it never can die.

O! weep not for him now at rest,
A flower too pure for this earth;
He lives now in joy with the blest,
And glories in heavenly birth,

It were better, far better to die
Than live on through pain and through woe ;
To the bosom of heaven to fly,
Than joyless to live here below !

FAREWELL, YE SCENES !

Farewell, ye scenes that I must part,
Through other lands to roam—
Ye scenes, delightful to my heart—
Once dearest, sweetest home.

Yon shining lake, where oft I sailed,
With bosom free from care—
But now my brightest hopes have failed,
Denied is every prayer.

No more upon its breast I'll glide,
With light and bounding oar ;
Or view, with beating heart, the tide
Roll gently from the shore.

All, all is dark and gloomy now—
My soul is wrapt in woe ;
And pain and sadness dim my brow—
Stern fate commands me "go."

My heart is young, yet bitter fate
Has made me old with care—
As I have loved, I'll learn to hate ;
My soul will not despair.

Deception base has seared my heart—
I trusted but too well—
I go—but not fore'er we part :
My brother, fare thee well !

MY PIPE.

My pipe, my pipe, my good old pipe
My truest, staunchest friend ;
In the pleasures that I taste in thee
All others sweetly blend.

And as thy vapours roll above,
And curl around my head,
I see the forms of those I love,
Now numbered with the dead.

My pipe, my pipe, my old black pipe !
Through many a guard so weary,
You shared my cold and lonely round
Through nights so dark and dreary.
My dear old pipe, around thee clings
The scenes of old, now fading fast ;
From thy dark bowl a halo springs,
On dreams of future brightly cast.

My comrade, old pipe, thou wert
When others had grown cold ;
And when the feeling pained my heart,
The sting away you stole.
And as I revel in thy smoke,
By a vapoury wreath I'm crowned ;
The visions of the future come—
Like spectres flit around.

But a dearer recollection still
You bear unto my mind ;
'Tis of the brighter angel, hope,
Within my heart enshrined.
Then laugh who will ; my own old pipe
Contains a sacred treasure,
Bound by a tie that ne'er can sleep,
And when it will—FOREVER !

OH! SING THOSE LIVING LAYS ONCE MORE!

Oh! sing those living lays once more !
Oh! breathe them o'er again,
As once unto the tempest's roar
'Twas sung upon the main.
I heard them when the thunders spoke,
'Mid lightning, storm and flame,
As o'er the sea those echoes broke—
Oh! sing them o'er again !

As when we sailed in calm moonlight,
 And Gordon sang it o'er,—
 It seemed to chide us in our flight,
 As it lingered 'long the shore.
 For Oh! what memories may cling
 Around a single lay—
 What soft'ning thoughts may it not bring
 To soothe our grief away!

WHEN THOU ART IN THE FESTIVE THRONG.

When thou art in the festive throng,
 Where admiring eyes will greet thee,
 Where mirth and joy would fain prolong
 Those hours but too speedy;
 Think of the lowly poet, who
 Writes but to win thy praise,—
 But one approving smile from you,
 His soul to heaven would raise.

And think of him as of a lute,
 Whose melody but slumbers;
 But at thy word this voice, now mute,
 Would prove its sweetest numbers.
 And if its melody should move
 A throb within thy breast,
 Its soul-felt strains will hardly prove
 How heavenly 'tis blest.

I only wish to please the one—
 For thee alone I write;
 If my muse this cause has won,
 Its labors 'twill requite.
 Let critics rant, and all exclaim
 Against my time and measure;
 They waste their anger on a pen
 That cares not for their pleasure.

LINES.

Years have quickly sped,
 In their unwearied way,
 Since thy dear form hath fled,
 To mingle with the clay.

But yet thou art remembered—
 Thy kindness and thy love ;
 That all the ills of earth
 Could never change or move.

Now thou art gone from us
 To a happier, brighter sphere ;
 And when we think on thee,
 We feel that thou art near.

And who has known a mother's love,
 Its tenderness and care,
 Will feel as we feel now,
 The blank that lieth here !

BRIGHT ARE THE STARS.

Bright are the stars that shine above,
 But brighter the eyes of the maiden I love ;
 Enchanting the smile on heaven's brow,
 Enthraling her smile as I see it now.

Soft is the voice of the summer breeze,
 As it sweetly whispers amid the trees ;
 But sweeter and softer her voice than all,
 When its melting tones on my soul doth fall.

But a charm she has got, more than beauty could give ;
 'Tis the fairest, most priceless, that mortals can have ;
 'Tis virtue, the purest in heaven or earth—
 What beauty contains a gem of more worth ?

LINES.

Dost think that a crowd, all mirthful and bright,
 For a moment could give to my bosom delight ?
 Dost think that a smile, the song, or the dance
 Could lighten my heart, or its feelings entrance ?

I might wander around, nor could my eye rest
 On a form more pure than that in my breast ;
 Alone I would stray in the cold giddy throng,
 And force a sad smile where a scowl should belong.

Dost think that beauty's languishing smile
 For a moment could please, or my bosom beguile ?
 It might throw for an instant a sorrowful ray —
 As quickly 't would flee from the ruin away.

Oh ! leave me alone with my book and my pen,
 My heart all its sorrow forgetting but then :
 With the visions my fancy oft loves to behold,
 That to my wrapt senses their beauties unfold.

TO * * * *

My soul is wrapt in silent woe,
 Since thou no more art near ;
 The tears, congealed, refuse to flow ;
 Yet still I love thee dear.
 I know not why those lids are dry
 That once could shed a tear ;
 But oft I heave a weary sigh
 When days long past appear.

I feel the anguish in my soul.
 As every drop returns—
 Like molten fire inwardly roll,
 To feed the flame that burns
 Within my sad and dreary heart,
 Turned old by early care,
 As every sorrow left the smart
 Of hidden anguish there.

To thee, through disappointment, pain,
 My spirit fondly flies,
 Although thy form may ne'er again
 Greet those enraptured eyes.
 But still I have a pleasure left
 To soothe life's bitter sting ;
 Though every other joy is reft,
 I still can love and sing.

STANZAS.

When first I beheld thee, no language could tell
 The feelings that through my brain swept ;

Exultant with hope did my bosom then swell ;
Still deeper though hidden 't was kept.
In many far lands I have wandered,
Life's pleasures and pains I have known ;
And e'er on that vision I've pondered,
Till the weight was too great to be borne :
On me all earth's beauties were squandered,
Since its brightest and fairest were shorn !

For long and unceasing I've loved thee.
And changeless that love must remain ;
Till earth and its pains will have proved thee
Forever and ever the same !
You know not the depth of affection
That lies in the heart you have spurned ;
Life knows now no pleasure but action,
Till back to the earth I've returned :
Oh ! never may thy heart experience
The feelings my bosom have burned.

And when this cold life will be ended,
When death its victim will claim,
Grant, Heaven ! our ashes be blended,
While earth our cold forms will retain.
When centuries long have departed,
Youth and beauty may tread o'er the spot.
And know not of him, broken-hearted,
Who lived, loved, and died, was forgot :
And if from our couch we are torn,
Our clay can be then severed not.

The cold sod will retain not a mark,
To say which was beauty—which truth ;
Long perished the last vital spark
Of passion, of love, and of youth !
In the valley of death, long benighted,
Till time its slow course will have sped :
May heaven be ever thy home—
Though hell was thy lover's last bed !

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Hark ! what sound of many feet,
With the big drum's muffled beat,

From Mount Wise Square resound !
Loud the bugle's thrilling notes,
Borne upon the breeze, now floats,
And fills the air around.

Slow the sounds approaching near ;
The Jager's gloomy ranks appear,
With arms reversed advance ;
Fierce their aspect, firm their tread,
By a youthful leader led ;
With cold and mournful glance.

The rain in torrents ceaseless pour,
Hark ! the cannon's booming roar
Re-echoes 'long the coast :
The Dead March, like a mournful wail,
In distance dies upon the gale,
Preceding far the host.

Alas ! what a mournful sight to see
A soldier borne so solemnly
Unto his last cold bed !
None that he loved were by his side—
'Mid careless strangers he hath died—
No tears are o'er him shed.

That banner proud he oftimes bore ;
Alas ! he'll proudly bear no more—
That nervous arm is dead :
Ne'er will his spirit feel delight,
When fearless rushing to the fight ;
That noble soul hath fled !

That flag now serves him for a pall ;
'Neath its folds he wished to fall,
For honor, truth and love.
That sword he drew for justice's cause ;
To defend his country, home and laws,
With ardour great he strove.

On a soldier's stainless bier
Foes forget all former ire,
And drop a tear of grief.
Ungenerous thoughts all now eschew,
They call his virtues back to view,
To give the past relief.

To Stoke's old church at last we came,
 Through driving sleet and drenching rain,
 And laid him 'neath the sod:
 That once warm heart is 'neath the clay,
 Left now to mould in slow decay;
 His soul, we trust, with God.

Loud volleys slumbering echoes woke—
 O'er his grave arose the smoke
 Like incense to the sky.
 Old Stoke receives another guest;
 In peaceful slumber let him rest
 Till sounds the trump on high.

That once warm heart has ceased to beat,
 But memory oft thy form will greet
 When by-gone days appear.
 For one of the very few I knew—
 Firm and generous, brave and true—
 I drop a silent tear!

TO FARRAN C. WESTLEY.

AN ACROSTIC.

Far o'er the ocean we've travelled together,
 And talked of the friends left behind—
 Remembrance bringing old scenes still nearer,
 'Round the bright orb of the mind.
 And ever I'll say, be you far off or near,
 No friend could e'er be more sincere.

With thee I would pass o'er each rough scene in life;
 Every trouble I'd easily o'ercome—
 Since we met we have passed strange scenes of strife:
 To death you may call me thy own.
 Long may you live to enjoy life's sweets—
 Every blessing this world can bestow—
 Your pathway with flowers be strewn, and never a
 sorrow may know!

WARLOCK.

Swiftly sped the studded clouds
 Across the threatening vault of heaven,

And winds, pent up in blacken'd shrouds,
Began to moan as onward driven.
The thunders fiercely rolled above,
And lightnings lit the gathering gloom,
As crash on crash, and roar on roar,
Came sweeping down amid the gloom.

'Twas there, amid the pelting storm,
As Nature in her terrors stood,
That Warlock sat by himself alone
Beneath the shadow of his native wood.
Yonder, 'neath that towering oak,
His father sleeps in death's repose ;
But no longer curls the wigwam's smoke,
Where once the redman's plumes arose.

His giant form stood up erect,
While round him swept the whirlwind cloud.
And, gazing on heaven's lowering crest,
Thus he spoke to the stormy God :—
" O! Mighty Being, who rules the storm,
And holds these forests in thy hand ;
Raise thy dread avenging arm,
And drive those reptiles from the land!"

The lightnings danced amid the trees,
And wrapt his form in their fiery glow,
As if deep hell had all its friends released
To haunt this earth with its cursed woe!
Unmoved he stood, that dauntless man,
Unheeding all but him he spoke ;
Not the forked lightnings, that past him ran,
Could wake his soul from its mystic yoke.

Then came a crash that seemed to shake
The earth's foundation to its base ;
The giant trees came screeching to his feet—
His father's bones cast up before his face.
" Here shall I die!" but ere the words he spoke,
His form was crushed and buried in the earth—
The thunders rolled his death-song 'mid their smoke ;
There shall he rest till the grave shall give him birth.

Thus died Warlock, the brave and good,
The mighty chieftain of a mighty race ;

Beneath the cover of his native wood,
Among the scenes he loved the best.
And none shall weep his untimely fall,
Nor mourn the loss of one so brave ;
He sleeps beneath the forest's emerald pall
That sings a dirge o'er his forgotten grave !

S T A N Z A S .

'Twas a cold dismal night, and, wrapt in soft slumbers,
Away in the storms of the Atlantic afar, [ders
Though wild roared the billows, I heard not their thun-
Round the vessel that bore me swift on to the war.

When the call for the watch rang out sharp and clearly—
How dismal that sound when we ride o'er the main,
As out of the hammock we roll sad and weary,
To keep a cold watch through darkness and rain.

Upon the wet deck the spray harshly shower'd,
The wind sang a dirge with each rope and each block,
And over our bark the dark heavens lower'd,
While mountain waves sped underneath with a shock.

No lightning flew round us, no thunder rolled loudly—
But the winds and the waters now sported alone ;
They sped through the darkness now fiercely and proudly,
And the foam on the waters in bright eddies shone.

I leaned on the capstan, as gloomy thoughts bound me,
And strove through the darkness some mark to descry;
More gloomy and dark the air seemed around me,
But naught save that gloominess met my worn eye.

It was not a dream that came brightly o'er me,
As alone with my thoughts o'er the waters I flew,
But some mystic vision there shadowed before me,
As a sign of the future spread out to my view.

When up from the cauldron of waves that boiled madly,
Around our stout bark, in her struggling throes,
A phantom of beauty made my bosom bound gladly,
As up from the storm-beaten waters it rose.

I gazed on it long with a throbbing emotion—
Oh ! those feelings of bliss can never depart !
I worship it now with a soul's deep devotion,
Though sorrow has left a deep scar on my heart.

At length I arrived in a far distant strand,
Where the red flag of war flew gory and wide,
And the black fiends of discord stood on the land,
Strewed with sword-mangled victims of vengeance and
pride.

I sought for the real, still fondly thinking
That the vision I saw was not given in vain,
Till under the blows of affliction fast sinking,
It seemed but to mock all my anguish and pain.

Soon peace was proclaimed, after thousands had perished ;
I flew to my country far over the deep,
But the phantom I fed in my bosom and cherished,
Still over my pillow sweet vigils would keep.

As oft, as a sentry, I stood sad and lonely,
Dark clouds would assume the form of my love ;
In moments like these I felt happiness only
Communing with one from the choirs above.

I saw her, I loved her, but not as a vision—
But one I adored and cherished for years ;
My bosom in passion could know no division,
But my love was a travail of sorrow and tears.

When I saw thee, the germs of hope grew and flourished,
But now they are blighted and withered in woe ;
All—all those bright hopes that so fondly I nourished,
No more on my pathway their burning rays throw.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Thou hast asked me to write ; how could I deny
So light and so trivial a favour ?
Though feelings no tongue could ever express
Seem cold—nay absurd, upon paper.

May happiness bright ever favor thy path.
 And the love of fond ones grow dearer ;
 That love that outlives both time and decay,
 Grow stronger as death draweth nearer.

May the slow wing of time never flag on thy way,
 But each night bring a brighter to-morrow—
 May peace and honor be ever thy meed,
 Unknown unto care or to sorrow.

As the sun that now sets in the far distant west,
 Gives promise of a still brighter day ;
 As bright as its rays be ever thou blest—
 From thy home every care fly away !

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The bleak blast may sweep o'er the desert and moor,
 'Twill reach not his heart, 'tis as cold as the stone ;
 Yes, cold is that heart that once beat with emotions
 As pure as the snow that now melts on his tomb !

O ! could I recall those hours of pleasure
 I passed while I wandered so close by his side—
 He loved me so dear, yes as dear as a brother ;
 I ne'er will forget his sweet look when he died.

But now with scarce a companion I'm left,
 My heart yearns for friendship that now is unknown ;
 Of my earliest friend I now am bereft—
 I may ne'er find the equal of him that is gone !

TO MRS. G * * *

Fain would a lowly poet twine
 An offering worthy of the theme,
 What oft before was sung in rhyme,
 Of truthful friendship and esteem.
 Mine is a heart that ne'er forgets
 A simple act of kindness done ;
 Though ills of life my path beset,
 My heart forgets them all but ONE !

They say I'm young ; that time will change,
 And my poetic visions blight :
 They know not that they would estrange
 Life's fairest and most cheering light.
 Poor souls ! who have no thought their own,
 Who've never been where I have been—
 Who little think all I have known—
 Who've never seen what I have seen !

May ruder cares of earth forever
 Be driven from thy path of life ;
 May peace from out thy way ne'er waver—
 With joy and love be it ever rife !
 May life contain for thee no care,
 But Heaven e'er show to thee a smile ;
 For thee may it no sorrows wear,
 But shield thy heart from pain and guile.

May heaven its choicest blessings pour ;
 Thy life flow on devoid of pain ;
 And when the pilgrimage is o'er,
 Cold death will come his right to claim.
 Be it in peace and joy thou'lt fly
 To the firmest, best of friends above ;
 And in that heavenly home on high,
 Forever live where all is love !

LINES TO * * * *

There is a heart that dearly loves thee,
 And fain its passion would reveal ;
 But fearful that it would not move thee,
 Compels my bosom to conceal.
 Earth were a desert if without thee ;
 My dreams contain thy form alone :
 'Twere better thus in hope to view thee,
 Than 'neath despair's dark weight to groan.

A single word of all I cherish,
 Might rudely rend life's brightest spell ;
 Then all my fondest dreams would perish,
 And make my heart a rayless hell !

Earth holds no gem of purer mould,
Nor ever bore a fairer flower—
Nor e'er did heaven above behold,
Or give to beauty holier power!

SONG.

O! list to my song, ye maidens so fair,
Ye matrons so kind, and ye mothers so dear;
And list, ye bold swains, so fearless and free,
And list, ye stout warriors, listen to me!

While the waves dash around us, and the waters rolls high,
And the wind's sweeping gusts go whistling by;
The sea-gull's shrill note is heard from afar—
Ye seekers of fortune, Oh! list, and draw near!

While our frail bark triumphantly rides o'er the waves,
And her sharp bow the surges disdainfully cleaves;
From the cold north drives the keen cutting blast—
Oh! list to my song, for it may be the last.

I will sing of those heroes who fought and who died,
Whose glorious deeds we think on with pride;
Who fought for their country, their faith, and their homes,
And mingled the cold sod with their blood and their bones.

Your children are proud of the bold deeds you've done—
Your noble devotion—the laurels you won;
The proud name you've placed upon history's page
Will be honored by every future age!

Thou hast lived, hapless land, through slavery's night—
Thou hast seen thy brave sons fall defending the right;
While others have left their dear native plains,
To live in drear exile nor bear slavery's chains.

But yet thou wilt rise in freedom's broad light,
And those who oppressed thee will then feel thy might:
Tyrants will tremble before thy proud shrine—
The pride of the earth, in defiance of time!

TO MY SISTER.

And thou art gone, dear Minnie—where ?
 To bury thy young life in cloistered prayer ;
 To live a nun, in gloomy rest,
 Thou hast chosen—Heaven grant it best !
 Those eyes are dry—no tear doth start,
 To tell the workings of a mi-read heart ;
 They view the cover of a rough-bound book,
 Its hidden pages wins not e'en a look.
 O! glorious fate! how happy must thou be.
 To leave a world so soulless proved to me.
 Dear Minnie, by heaven thou wert chosen,
 Thrice happy art thou in His bosom :
 Free from the cold rebuffs of this low earth,
 Where gold is the standard judge of worth.
 Mine is a different path—*fate* points the way—
 For mine's a destiny I cannot sway.
 But time rolls on, and closer brings the hour
 When the pride of manhood falls a withered flower—
 Sinks in oblivion, and is soon forgot,
 Neither blessed nor cursed—remembered not !

ODE.

'Tis night—and fiercely howls the raging storm,
 The heavens rent by lightning's lurid arm ;
 Rolls the dread thunder in the blacken'd sky,
 By darkness blinded—sight denied the eye.
 And heaven pours its vials—hissing rain—
 The puny stream a torrent sweeps the plain ;
 The mighty trees before the whirlwinds bend,
 And, crashing to the earth, their towering bodies rend.
 Affrighted birds fly screaming in the air,
 Remorseless furies seem their plumes to tear.
 Then swooping headlong to the earth, as if
 The scorching lightning had denied them breath :
 The coward wolf lay panting in his lair,
 His tongue protruding, gasps the sulphurous air.
 High on the mountain, struck by lightning shock,
 Tearing downward, rolls some massive rock ;
 Plucking from its root the hoary oak,
 And spreading ruin in the vale it broke.
 Ghastly spectres obscurely dance around
 'Mid hideous ruin smouldering on the ground.

Afar is heard the furious ocean's roar,
 As wave on wave rush madly to the shore ;
 Adventurous mariners seek to cheat not death,
 But to the liquid hell resign their breath.
 While the frail ship, without a guiding hand,
 Faces onward to the frowning land—
 The haven they had often wished to view,
 They saw with horror, as they bid adieu
 To life—the vessel meets the shore,
 Her timbers part—she sinks—is seen no more !
 Then peal on peal swept madly through the sky,
 As if the end of time were drawing nigh !

'Tis finished, and the thunders cease,—
 An awful calm—a senseless peace ;
 Save the moaning of the distant storm,
 Across the sea 'tis westward borne.
 Then twinkling stars shine out, serenely bright,
 To end the terrors of the stormy night.
 Hushed are the winds that late so fiercely blew,
 When they no boundary to their fury knew :
 Chained are the lightnings, they no longer flash,
 Nor appalling thunders continued crash,
 To fright the senses with their fitful boom,
 And tell of man's eternal doom !
 * * * *

O ! spirits of the deathless dead !
 Why mock I ye ? my youthful head
 May bend beneath the crushing blow,
 Nor the fruits of these bright visions shew !
 But time stays not his noiseless wing ;
 The present 's mine, and I will sing—
 Then onward ever till it ends its wayward pace—
 Sunk in oblivion ne'er shall end my race ;
 But rise defiant of the tomb,
 To place a name where deathless laurels bloom.
 E'en Death itself could not my soul appal—
 Nelson in his proudest triumph met the ball :
 Thus would I die, but fate denied the prayer,
 Perhaps for noble deeds heaven my life did spare !

Hush ! my soul, can thoughts like these be lent ?
 Or, on puny paper, find a fitting vent—
 Thoughts that no tongue could e'er express,
 Knows no control, nor ever feeleth rest !

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Some wandering eye may greet this page,
 When he who writ will write no more ;
 When youth and hope may sink in age,
 Or happy death may peace restore.

But were this line to be the last
 That my unworthy pen would trace,
 I'd seize the moment ere it passed,
 And give to love the proudest place.

But, oh ! how happy is my muse
 To sing of one so sweet and fair—
 Oh ! such a theme can bliss infuse,
 And in the breast a heaven rear.

It makes the soul with pleasure bound ,
 And gives the pen unwonted fire ;
 It makes the heart's deep chords resound—
 Of such a theme no pen can tire !

 LOVE AND MUSIC.

Strike the chord ! 't is bliss to hear
 Those strains melodious float,
 With magic cadence, on the ear
 That drinks each swelling note.
 Oh ! life can know no sweeter charm
 Than Love and Music give,—
 They can the weary spirit arm
 With hope, and bid it live.

Love, the charm of youth, may sink
 In gloom, and pass away,
 As flowers that we cherish shrink
 In sorrowful decay :
 But Music will revive each throb
 Of bliss that long has fled—
 The thorns from out our pathway rob,
 And heal the wounds that bled.

Then strike the chord ! I love the sound—
 It makes my bosom swell

With happiness, and bids it bound
 With pleasure none can tell.
 When clouds around our pathway rise,
 Obscuring all we love,
 In Music's thrill the spirit flies
 And bursts its bonds above !

L I N E S .

I saw a smile upon her brow—
 That brow so smooth and fair—
 Ere sorrow, with unsparing plough,
 Had left its furrows there.
 But years have fled since I beheld
 That sweet and joyous smile—
 Ere grief the dreams of youth dispel'd,
 Or hope was crushed by guile.

Left friendless on the world alone,
 From those she loved estranged,
 I saw her, after years had flown—
 But ah !—alas ! how changed.
 She never smiled—her glance was cold—
 Her bloodless lip compressed,
 As if within her heart to hold
 The pain that racked her breast.

Within the forest's happy shade
 We view some tender flower ;
 If, 'neath the sun, its charms be laid,
 It withers in an hour.
 And thus before my eye she came—
 A lily plucked too soon—
 The woes that in her bosom reign
 Had wrapt her life in gloom.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE AUTHOR.

And must we part, my dearest Ella—
 Ah ! pity, heaven, and forbear
 To sever those thou hast united,
 Nor plunge our hearts in dark despair.

My heart will break beneath the load—
 My lips they dare not say farewell—
 The mad'ning thoughts my bosom goad
 No tongue—no words could ever tell!

But we must part, and part forever ;
 But think of me when years have fled—
 Oh ! let not fate our spirits sever,
 Though I must be to thee as dead.

The night winds coldly sigh around us,
 One only star lights up the sky ;
 Oh ! may its ray, that here hath found us,
 Behold me on this bosom die !

Our love, that rose so bright and gladly,
 Black fate condemns to sink in gloom—
 Hush ! hush ! my heart, why bound so madly ?
 Is there no hope save in the tomb ?

No hope ! no hope ! then Oh, farewell !
 May heaven hear my only prayer ;
 When death shall sound life's parting knell,
 May its great spirit join us there !

L A K E M E D A D .

Dost remember sweet Medad's dark shining lake,
 In the midst of the wildwood grand ?
 Where the waves from their slumbers seem never to wake,
 Like a gem in the deep forest land.

And who has e'er trod on its soft mossy shore,
 Or gazed in its waters so clear,
 Where fancy the forms of the past will restore
 That ever seem hovering near.

'Twas there I first met thee, sweet maid of the wood :
 Ah ! well I remember the scene—
 How often, since then, on its bank I have stood,
 And called up thy form like a dream,

'Twas there I would die, in the forest's soft light,
With dark Medad to flow o'er my breast ;
To mingle my clay with a being so bright,
How calm and how sweet would I rest !

LINES

ON RECEIVING A CARD, ON WHICH WAS PLACED TWO INTERWOVEN HEARTS,
SURROUNDED BY A CHAIN OF HAIR.

'Tis thus our hearts united lie,
Love's endless chain around them ;
Though fate forbids a closer tie
Than that which e'er hath bound them.

But this sweet chain, which thou hast wove
Will bind our hearts together—
An emblem of that changeless love,
Though hopeless, lives forever.

And I will lay it on my heart,
And there it will remain ;
'Twill glowing visions oft impart,
Although they be in vain.

For Oh ! that love can ne'er depart,
But still exist the same ;
And soothe cold earth's envenomed dart
By breathing thy dear name !

INDIAN WAR SONG.

FROM THE "LAST OF THE HURONS," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,
BY THE AUTHOR.

On the graves where the dust of our fathers repose,
The Aganuschioni* insultingly tread ;
And their spirits, in anger, call us to oppose
The footsteps that press on the sod where they bled.

* The Iroquois or Six Nations. The above was the native appellation.

Lift! lift up the war-club, and firm be the blow ;
Let the war-whoop sound loud thro' the fields of the
west!

Wrap the Seneca wigwams in sorrow and woe,
Let the knife and the rifle ne'er sink into rest!

Let the smoke of their villages rise to the sky ;
Let their cornfields and wigwams in ashes be spread ;
For peace let them sue—but peace we'll deny
Till the last of the Mohags* or Hurons are dead.

O! Chieftains, where now are thy sons and thy daughters?

The Mohags have murdered or borne them away :
They torture them now far over the waters—
Death! death to the faithless, the false Iroquois.

LINES

ON THE AUTHOR BEING PRESENTED WITH A PORT-FOLIO BY HIS FATHER

“ Keep this to remember me.”
Yes, I will keep it long ;
Its folds will be the resting place
Of one poor Poet's song.

I'll treasure it long as the light
Of heaven gilds its page—
Long as my hand is nerved to write—
To life's concluding stage.

And every throb that stirs my heart,
When I inscribe it here,
Will call thy form from out the past,
And claim the tribute tear.

Yes, father, I'll remember thee,
Though all my hopes depart ;
For there are things I can't forget
Stamped deeply on my heart.

* Mohags or Mowhawks, a tribe of the Six Nations.

LINES

ON THE AUTHOR BEING TOLD HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO WRITE OF LOVE.

What ! I too young to write of Love !
I who have known its bliss ;
If 'twere not for the power of Love,
Oh ! what a world were this.

Hast thou forgot Lord Byron's strains,
Or Moore's melodious muse—
Whose song the dullest soul inflames,
And bliss and hope infuse ?

Is Camoens neglected quite,
And Petrarch. too, forgot ?
Has Ovid ceased to give delight,
And thy pure strain, O ! Scott ?

They sang of Love—delightful theme !
Which gives the pen its fire ;
It is, of life, the brightest beam
That doth the soul inspire.

'Tis Love that tunes the Poet's lyre—
Gives fervour to his song :
Of it the world can never tire
As time moves swift along.

Can earth's great blessing be forgot ?
Go search the world around,
And seek, in vain, to find a spot
Where Love was never found.

'Tis Love that gives to life its charm—
'Tis Love that guides the soul ;
For Love the weakest heart can arm
With strength beyond control.

And when I cease to love, may I
From this drear world depart—
'T were happiness—'t were bliss to die
Than know no loving heart !

Then Death would have no victory,
The grave would have no sting ;
With joy how would my spirit fly
On Love's unflagging wing ! .

FLAMBORO' PLAINS, }
Sept. 1, 1857. }

THE END.

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FICE.